No.12 TEN CENTS

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION DC IND

BAT MAN

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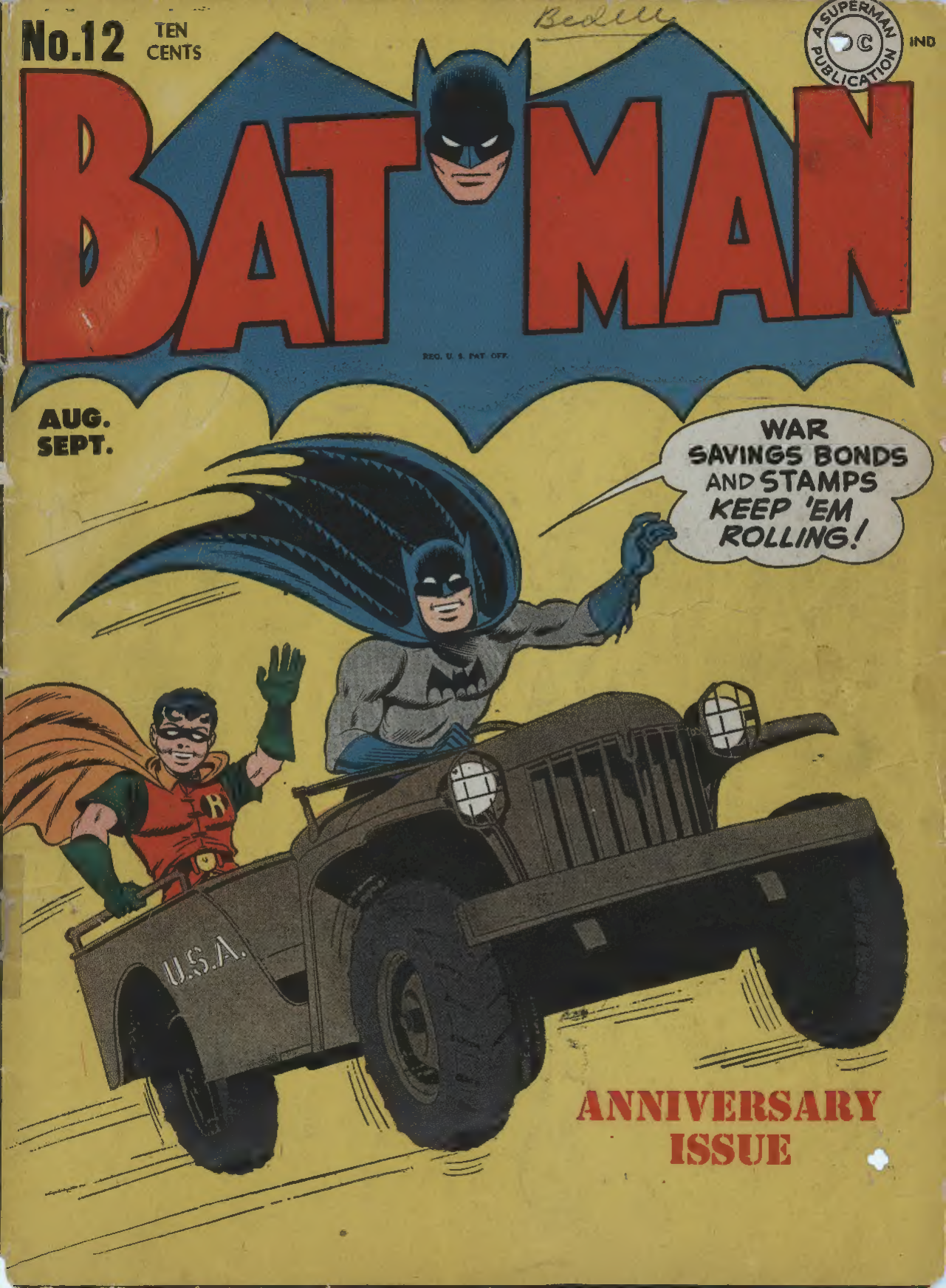

ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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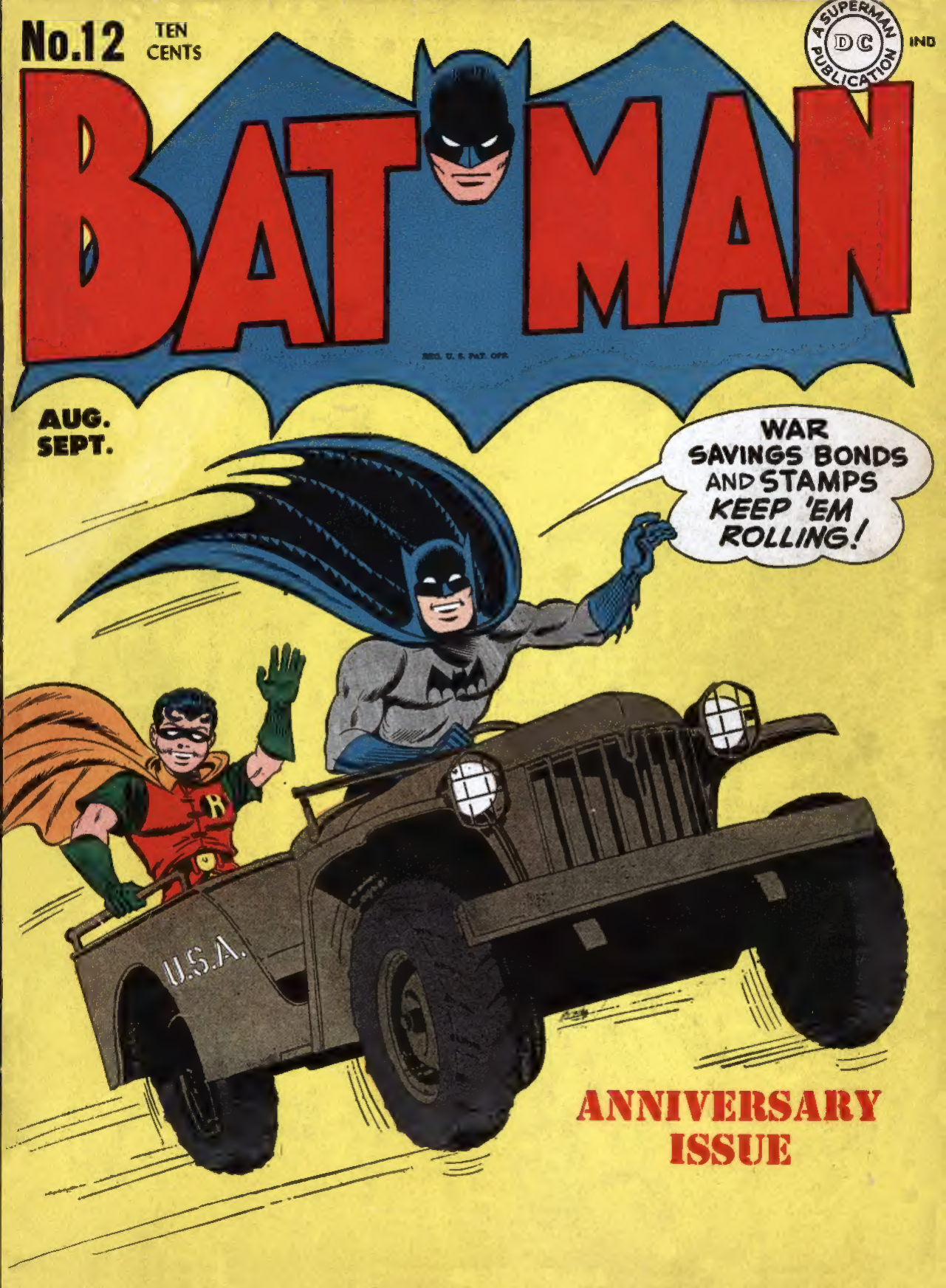

ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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By SHANNON ZARST
Illustrated by HARRY DAUGHERTY

The story of Kit Carson's life is a long and astonishing series of adventures. From that fateful day when Kit, only sixteen, and small for his age, ran away from the saddler's shop and joined up with a caravan heading West, his life was packed with danger and daring.

It took strong men to stand the hardships of the long trek across the trackless desert to Sante Fe, and Kit was only a boy. He was little, but he was determined to show them all that he could take his share.

The rugged life as a trapper in the Rocky Mountains, living in the open in constant danger from Indians and animals, taught Kit Carson many valuable things. Then, when the time came that the Government needed his help as guide and scout in pushing the frontiers of America to the Pacific Ocean, he was ready and able.

He knew the trail as few men did. He had the gift of leading men. He had unlimited courage. And his ability to handle Indians whether in a fight or in a parley was almost miraculous. No wonder his fame spread all through the United States. Tales of his courage and his exploits were told everywhere and he became a hero for boys to read about and men to admire.

This is a new book. Ask your librarian for it.

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Krypton No. 9)

ØRPQC CQN JGRB FRCQ KXWMB JWM BCJVYB!

BATMAN No. 12, August-September, 1942, published bi-monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. F. W. Ellsworth, Editor. Re-entered as second class matter Aug. 1, 1941 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. 75c including postage.
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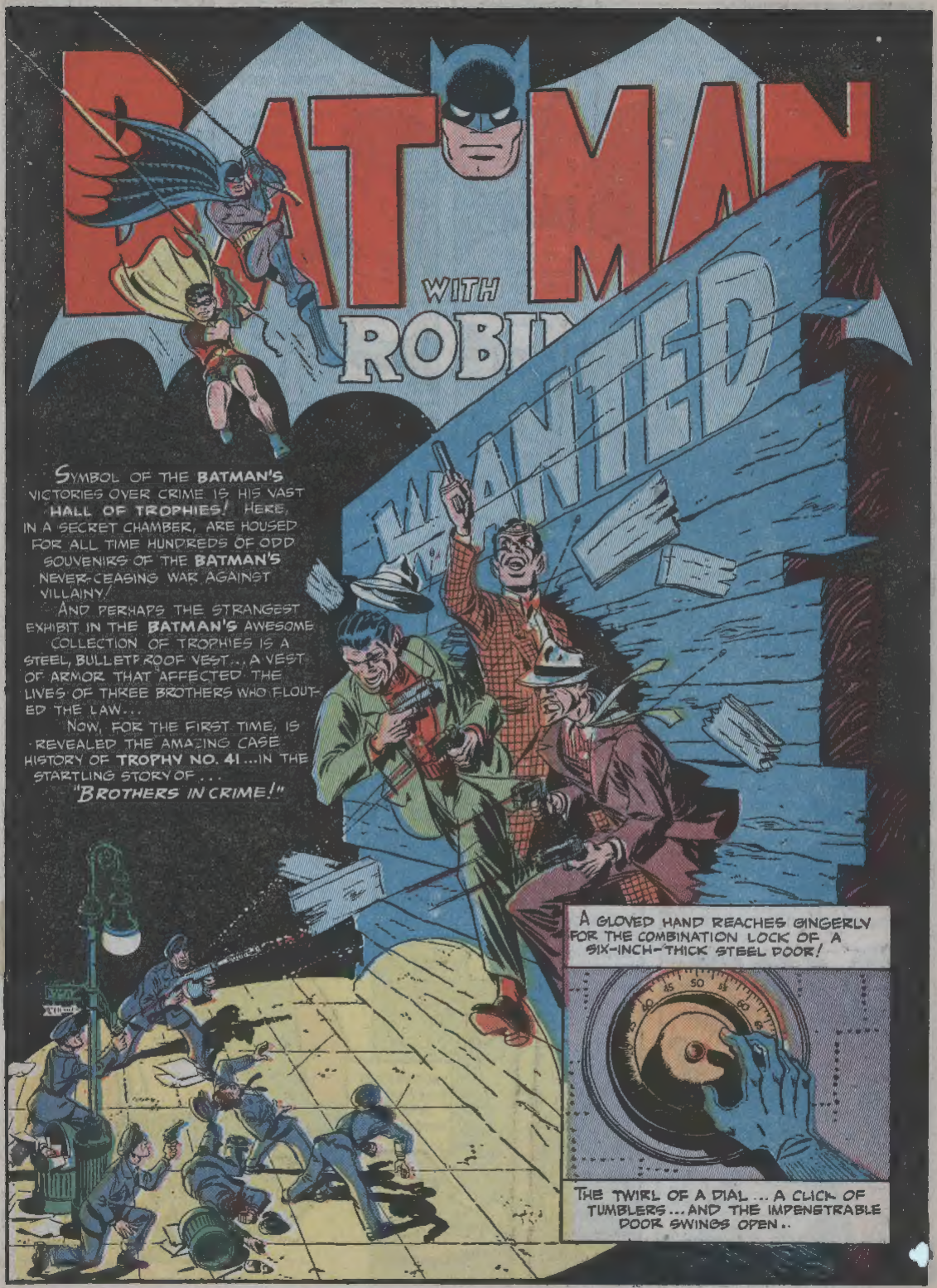
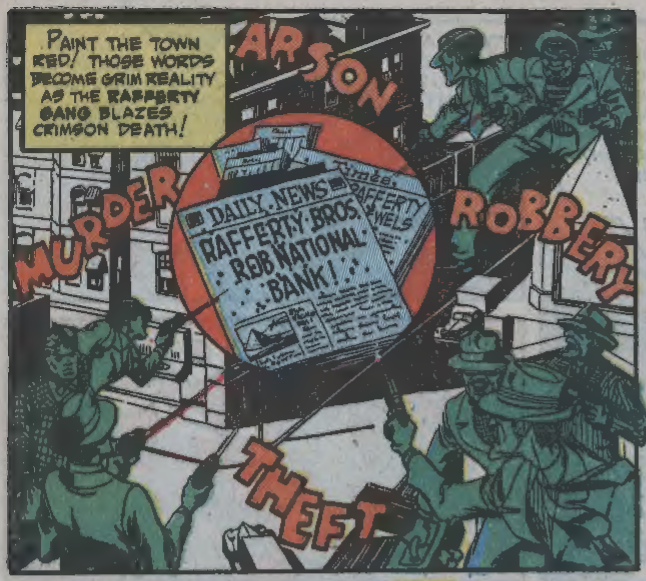

BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
WANTED
SYMBOL OF THE BATMAN'S VICTORIES OVER CRIME IS HIS VAST HALL OF TROPHIES! HERE, IN A SECRET CHAMBER, ARE HOUSED FOR ALL TIME HUNDREDS OF ODD SOUVENIRS OF THE BATMAN'S NEVER-CEASING WAR AGAINST VILLAINY.
AND PERHAPS THE STRANGEST EXHIBIT IN THE BATMAN'S AWESOME COLLECTION OF TROPHIES IS A STEEL, BULLET-PROOF VEST... A VEST OF ARMOR THAT AFFECTED THE LIVES OF THREE BROTHERS WHO FLOUTED THE LAW...
NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME, IS REVEALED THE AMAZING CASE HISTORY OF TROPHY NO. 41...IN THE STARTLING STORY OF...
"BROTHERS IN CRIME!"
A GLOVED HAND REACHES GINGERLY FOR THE COMBINATION LOCK OF A SIX-INCH-THICK STEEL DOOR!
THE TWIRL OF A DIAL... A CLICK OF TUMBLERS... AND THE IMPENETRABLE DOOR SWINGS OPEN..

TWO MANTLED FIGURES STAND AT THE THRESHOLD OF A VAST ROOM: BATMAN AND ROBIN!
GOLLY, BATMAN, WE SURE ARE FILLING UP THIS ROOM FAST!
YES...ANOTHER FEW CASES AND WE'LL HAVE TO ADD A NEW WING TO THE PLACE!
THE BATMAN'S HALL OF TROPHIES...SYMBOL OF HIS THOUSAND AND ONE VICTORIES OVER CRIME!
REMEMBER THIS DECOY DUCK, ROBIN?
YES, THE JOKER USED IT TO AID HIS ESCAPE FROM THE STATE PENITENTIARY! A CLEVER STUNT!
THIS IS ONE UMBRELLA THE PENGUIN WON'T BE USING AGAIN! TRICKY LITTLE GADGET, EH?
I'M GLAD I'M NOT ON THE RECEIVING END OF THIS GAS!
I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT PORTRAIT OF MYSELF! IT WAS PAINTED BY VANGILD!
TROPHY 483
YES...AND EVERY PERSON HE PAINTED WAS MURDERED! THOSE BULLET HOLES MEANT YOU WERE TO BE KILLED BY A GUN, BUT YOU ESCAPED!
THE CRIME-SMASHER OPENS STILL ANOTHER GLASS CASE AND...
LOW BRIDGE, BATMAN!
WHEW! I FORGOT THAT THIS THING STILL WORKS!
SWISH
2
FINALLY...THE TWO COMPANIONS COME TO THE LAST EXHIBIT IN THE GREAT HALL OF TROPHIES...
YOU KNOW, ROBIN, OF ALL THE OBJECTS IN OUR COLLECTION OF TROPHIES, THIS BULLETPROOF VEST IS THE STRANGEST...
LAST USED BY Peter Rafferty JUNE, 1939 TROPHY NO. 41
THERE WERE THREE OF THEM... SUPPOSED TO PROTECT THE LIVES OF THREE MEN, ALL BROTHERS, FROM DEATH BY GUN! BUT FATE INTERVENED!
REMEMBER THE CASE, ROBIN? LET'S TURN BACK THE YEARS...

1942
1941
1940
1939
MAY 11...AND YOUNG PETER RAFFERTY STANDS BEFORE THE WARDEN OF THE STATE PENITENTIARY!
YOU'RE A FREE MAN NOW, RAFFERY! YOU'VE PAID YOUR DEBT TO SOCIETY. BUT HOW LONG YOU STAY FREE IS UP TO YOU...AND YOUR TWO OLDER BROTHERS!
I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON, SIR! THEY WON'T TALK ME INTO CRIME...
I'M GLAD TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT, RAFFERTY! HERE'S TEN DOLLARS AND A RAILROAD TICKET TO THE CITY. GOOD LUCK!
THANKS, WARDEN... YOU WON'T BE SEEING ME AGAIN!
THE GRIM PRISON GATES CLANG SHUT BEHIND YOUNG RAFFERTY...
KEEP OFF
AH...THIS FRESH AIR SMELLS GOOD. IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I SAW THE SUNLIGHT FROM OUTSIDE THE YARD.
Suddenly...
STEVE ... MIKE! WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOING HERE?
HOP IN KID! WE'RE YOUR BROTHERS, AIN'T WE?
HONK
HONK
WE'VE MISSED YOU, FELLA!
IT'S NO GO, MIKE! I'M GOING STRAIGHT! I LEARNED A TRADE IN PRISON AND I'M GOING TO STICK TO IT. NO MORE RAPS FOR ME!
DON'T BE A SAP, KID! WE'RE CUTTING YOU IN ON ALL THE JOBS WE PULL! HERE'S A ROLL FOR A START!
IT'S NO USE, MIKE. COUNT ME OUT!
OKAY, PETE! HEY, BUDDY, FILL 'ER UP!
SURE THING! MUST BE GOING ON A LONG TRIP, EH?
GAS
RIGHT! AND YOU'RE GOING ON A LONGER TRIP!
HEY...
AAGH!
CRACK
STEP ON THE GAS, STEVE! I TOOK HIS DOUGH!
...AND I'LL FINISH THE OTHER GUY!
GAS
THE RAFFERTY BROTHERS... THEY'VE KILLED DUGAN! OWW!

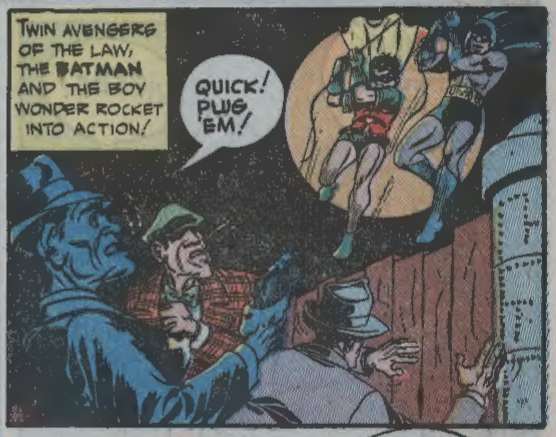
WOUNDED MORTALLY, THE STATION ATTENDANT DRAGS HIS WAY TO THE TELEPHONE...
RAFFERTY BROTHERS, THREE OF THEM...HELD UP STATION...SHOT MY BUDDY... AND...
AND INSIDE A COTTAGE RETREAT, MILES OFF THE STATE HIGHWAY...
YOU'RE... YOU'RE KILLERS!
PIPE DOWN, PUNK! LOOK AT THE TAKE! IT'LL LAST US A WEEK! TURN ON THE RADIO INSTEAD OF GABBING ...SEE WHAT THE COPS KNOW!
...CLICK.... HELD UP A GAS STATION AND SHOT ITS ATTENDANTS! THEY HAVE BEEN IDENTIFIED AS THE ...
HEY... DO YOU HEAR THAT?
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE! I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!
COME BACK HERE, YOU FOOL! YOU'RE IN THIS NOW UP TO YOUR NECK!
THINK THE COPS WILL BELIEVE YOU? DON'T BE A SAP! YOU'RE WANTED, KID... JUST LIKE ME!
YEAH... AND YOU MIGHT AS WELL HANG FOR A WOLF AS FOR A SHEEP!
I...I...GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!..
THAT'S THE SPIRIT, KID! AND NOW WE'LL MAKE YA ONE OF US! WE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU!
A BULLET-PROOF VEST! YA CAN LAUGH AT THE COPPERS! THEY CAN'T HURT YA!
SURE! SEE? WE BOTH WEAR ONE! YOU'LL BE SAFE AS A BUG IN A RUG! HA! HA!
THE RAFFERTY BROTHERS! BOY, WHAT A COMBINATION! WE'LL GET A GANG TOGETHER AND PAINT THE TOWN RED!


PAINT THE TOWN RED! THOSE WORDS BECOME GRIM REALITY AS THE RAFFERTY GANG BLAZES CRIMSON DEATH!
ARSON
MURDER
ROBBERY
THEFT
DAILY NEWS
RAFFERTY BROS. ROB NATIONAL BANK!

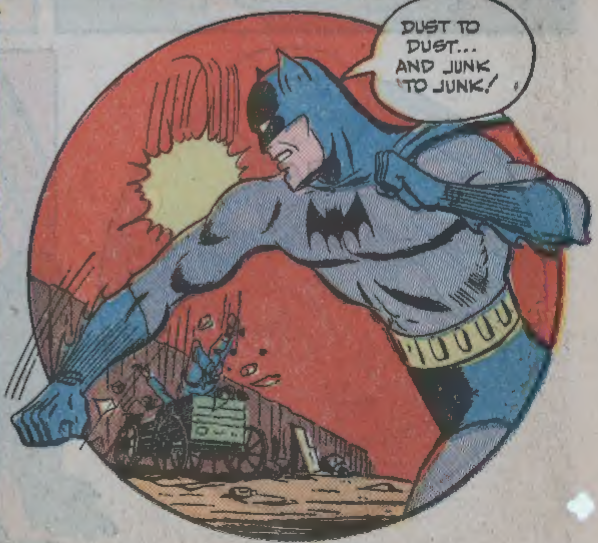
AND AT THEIR HIDEOUT...
WHAT'D I TELL YOU, KID? YOU'RE ON EASY STREET!
AND THOSE BULLETPROOF VESTS ARE JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!
BUT... BUT WHY DO YOU HAVE TO KILL?

QUIT WORRYING! WE'RE GETTING PLACES, AIN'T WE? AND TONIGHT WE GOT OUR TWO BIGGEST JOBS! NOBODY CAN STOP US... NOT EVEN THE BATMAN!

BUT MIKE RAFFERTY HAS SPOKEN TOO SOON. FOR THAT NIGHT, AS TWO CLOAKED FIGURES FLIT THROUGH THE MOONLIT STREETS-
LOOK, ROBIN! THE RAFFERTY GANG!
ACME SCRAP
JUNK
OPEN DAY & NIGHT
IT'S ABOUT TIME SOMEBODY STOPPED THEM!


TWIN AVENGERS OF THE LAW, THE BATMAN AND THE BOY WONDER ROCKET INTO ACTION!
QUICK! PLUG 'EM!

KEEP YOUR EAR TO THE GROUND, CHUM!
OIL


DUST TO DUST... AND JUNK TO JUNK!

WHINING BULLETS FLASH DANGEROUSLY CLOSE ... AS THE DRONE OF A NEARBY ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CRANE SINGS ON, OBLIVIOUS/...
WHEW! THEY SURE DON'T LIKE US!
LOOKS AS THOUGH WE NEED SOME AMMUNITION OF OUR OWN, ROBIN!
BLAST 'EM! DON'T LET THEM, GET AWAY!
THIS IS A TEST OF OUR METTLE, EH, ROBIN?
I'LL STEEL MYSELF TO THAT ONE!
YI
OW
COME ON, PAL! LET'S TAKE 'EM NOW!
YIPPEE!
HA-HA-HA!
OUCH! THIS GUY'S CHEST MUST BE MADE OF IRON!
CLANK
HOW'S YOUR JAW, THOUGH?
AND AGAIN THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CRANE SWINGS OUT FOR ANOTHER LOAD OF SCRAP IRON!
YOU'RE WIDE OPEN FOR A LEFT, FELLAHS!
YOU LEFT YOURSELF WIDE OPEN, BATMAN!

A PERILOUS MOMENT... AND JUST AS STEVE RAFFERTY IS ABOUT TO SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER...THE CRANE DIPS DOWN AND...
HELP
HEY, LOOK AT STEVE!
HE'S MAGNETIZED! THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CRANE WON'T LET GO OF HIS METAL VEST. HE'LL BE DROPPED TO HIS DEATH IF THAT OPERATOR CUTS OFF THE CURRENT! I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM. EVEN IF HE'S A KILLER!
BUT A TREACHEROUS BLOW FROM BEHIND FELLS THE GALLANT DARK KNIGHT!
GOT YOU!
POW
THE CRANE SWINGS OUT...
YEEEOW
...AND RELEASES ITS LOAD IN THE FREIGHT CAR AND THUS, IRONICALLY, THE GANG LEADER'S OWN HENCHMAN DOOMS HIM!
"SAFE AS A BUG IN A RUG!" VAIN BOAST... FOR STEVE RAFFERTY'S BULLETPROOF VEST HAS BROUGHT HIM DEATH!
MEANWHILE, ROBIN SPRINGS TO THE RESCUE OF HIS DAZED COMPANION...
YOUR AIM IN LIFE IS TOO LOW, RAT!
SUDDENLY, THE SHRIEK BLAST OF A WHISTLE...
THE COPS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
EEEEEE
7

SO THEY GOT AWAY! WELL, WE BROKE UP THEIR PLANS, ANYHOW!
AND ONE OF THEM WON'T DO ANY MORE PLANNING, EITHER, STEVE RAFFERTY!
Later...
THE POLICE FOUND THIS CLIPPING OF THE YACHT CLUB AFFAIR IN STEVE RAFFERTY'S POCKET! SAY...THAT'S TONIGHT!
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GO!
YACHT CLUB CENTENNIAL DANCE
MILES AWAY, AT THE EXCLUSIVE YACHT CLUB, FAMOUS SOCIALITES ADMIRE THE DISPLAY OF VICTORY TROPHIES!
AREN'T THEY GORGEOUS?
AND ALMOST PRICELESS, MY DEAR! SOME OF THEM ARE SOLID GOLD AND OTHERS ARE DIAMOND STUDDED!
SUDDENLY
STICK 'EM UP, GENTS!
OR WE'LL MAKE LEAD SAILORS OUT OF YA!
YOU CAN'T DO THAT- THOSE TROPHIES CAN'T BE DUPLICATED!
WE CAN'T, EH?
BUT BEFORE THE GUN-MAD MOBSTER CAN SHOOT...
WHAT'S THE MATTER, PETE? WHYN'T YA LET ME FEED HIM SLUGS?
AW, I PUT HIM OUTA THE WAY, DIDN'T I?
EVERYTHING'S SET, MIKE! THE BOYS ARE ALL READY!
GOOD! THE BATMAN'S PROBABLY PICKED UP THE BAIT FROM SEARCHING STEVE'S CLOTHES! WE'LL BE WAITING FOR HIM!
8

AT THAT MOMENT, THE STREAMLINED BATMOBILE NEARS THE YACHT CLUB AT A MILE-A-MINUTE CLIP...
YACHT CLUB
THEY'RE PULLING UP THE DRAW-BRIDGE!
WE CAN'T STOP! WE'LL HAVE TO GO AHEAD! HOLD TIGHT!
WHO SAID YOU SHOULD NEVER CROSS A BRIDGE BEFORE COMING TO IT?
I DUNNO... BUT WE'RE DOING IT!
ZOOM
ACCELERATING TO FULL SPEED, THE SUPER-CHARGED CAR SHOOTS FORWARD ACROSS EMPTY SPACE.
YEOW! BACK TO THE CLUB HOUSE! WE'LL FIX 'EM!
..AND MAKES A FOUR-WHEEL LANDING!
LAST STOP!
ALL OUT-- FOR ACTION!
AS THE POWER-HOUSE PAIR LEAPS TOWARD THE CLUB VERANDA, A HUGE WIRE MESH-NET SWOOPS DOWN FROM ABOVE
HA! THEY WALKED RIGHT IN-TO IT!
LOOK AT 'EM--THE BATMAN AND ROBIN! SOME CATCH!
HURRY UP! WE'LL TAKE 'EM FOR A NEW KIND OF RIDE!
THEY'LL BE DEAD FISH IN NO TIME!
WELL, I GUESS I'LL MEET THE GANG AT THE HIDEOUT. NO ONE COULD SAVE BATMAN AND ROBIN NOW, NOT EVEN ME!
NOTHING IN MY UTILITY BELT IS SHARP ENOUGH TO CUT THIS WIRE! EXCEPT... MAYBE...
THERES NO WAY OF ESCAPE! WE'LL DROWN!
THE DROWNING BATMAN CLUTCHES AT A LAST STRAW!
ONLY ONE CHANCE... I'LL BURN A HOLE THROUGH THE NET!
WHAT IS THE BATMAN THINKING OF? BURN A WHOLE WHILE UNDER WATER?... IS IT POSSIBLE?
9

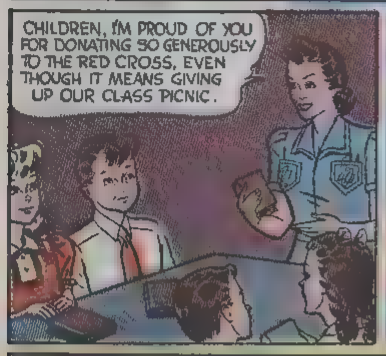
WITH A TINY OXY-ACETYLENE TORCH, THE BATMAN SHOOTS A STREAM OF TERRIFIC HEAT AGAINST THE WIRE NET!
LUCKY I REMEMBERED THAT UNDER-SEA DIVERS USE THESE IN SALVAGING WRECKED SHIPS!
GEE
Moments Later..
WHEW! FRESH AIR! BOY, THAT TORCH BURNED RIGHT THROUGH WATER!
SILENTLY, THE DYNAMIC DUO INCHES ALONG TOWARD THE REAR OF THE BOAT!..
BOP
BAM
BAM
..AND EXPLODES INTO ACTION!
THE LOOSE WHEEL OF THE BOAT SPINS FREE AND ..
LOOK OUT! WE'RE GOING OVER!
UGH. THAT'S THE SECOND DUCKING TODAY!
HELP.. GLUB HELP!
WHAT'S THAT? SOMEBODY IS DROWNING!
BATMAN IS RIGHT. ALONE IN THE DARK, MIKE RAFFERTY
MY VEST...GLUB... ITS WEIGHING ME DOWN- HELP... AGH!
HEY, MIKE'S DROWNED!
HIS VEST MAY HAVE BEEN BULLETPROOF - BUT IT WASN'T WATER-PROOF! IF HE HADN'T BEEN WEARING IT, HE MIGHT HAVE SAVED HIMSELF!
AND A SECOND BROTHER MEETS DOOM BECAUSE OF A BULLET-PROOF VEST!.

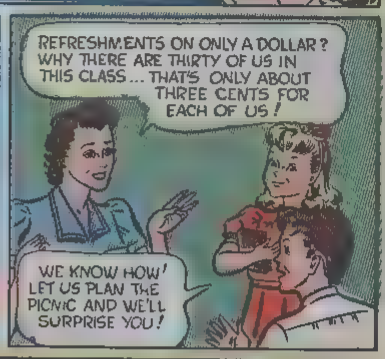
Later...
THIS IS YOUR UN-LUCKY NIGHT, CHUMPS!
THE OTHER BOAT WITH PETE WENT FREE THOUGH! WE'VE GOT MORE FISHING TO DO, YET.
THE NEXT DAY, IN THE GANG HIDEOUT...
MY BROTHERS ARE DEAD! I'M THRU W TH THIS RACKET! I NEVER KILLED BEFORE, BUT I WILL IF ANYBODY TR ES TO STOP ME!
RUNNING OUT ON US, HUH? OKAY, RAT— WE'LL GET YOU!
BUT THE WEEKS PASS BY, UNEVENT— FUL, AND IN THE WAYNE HOME...
WELL, BRUCE, THE RAFFERTY GANG SEEMS TO BE BROKEN UP!
HMM...I WONDER WHAT BECAME OF PETE? TOO BAD... THE WARDEN THOUGHT HE WAS GOING STRAIGHT!
THEN, ONE CLOUDY DAY, AT AN AMUSEMENT PARK ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY!
NO! NEVER MIND!
GUESS YOUR WEIGHT FOLKS! RIGHT THIS WAY...HERE, I CAN RECKON YOURS TO A POUND, MISTER!
AW, COME ON! BE A SPORT!
OKAY, OKAY!
THE WEIGHT-GUESSER RECEIVES AN AMAZING SHOCK...
HUH! I'M TWENTY POUNDS OFF! I SAID 175! I MUST BE SLIPPING! SAY...
YOU MUST BE WEARING...HEY, WHAT'S THAT? SOMETHING HARD, LIKE IRON! I THOUGHT SO!
GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE. SOMEBODY WILL RECOGNIZE ME!
I THOUGHT THAT WAS PETE BEHIND THEM BLINKERS... HE'S WEARING HIS RON VEST!
LET'S GET HIM!
LOOK, DICK...: PETE RAFFERTY!

THE DYNAMIC DUO RACES BEHIND A NEARBY TENT...
BATMAN AND ROBIN!
HERE'S WHERE WE START TRAVELING IN BETTER CIRCLES!
THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND AND 'ROUND, AND YOU GO OUT HERE!
THIS IS BETTER THAN THE BRASS RING!
POW
PETE QUIT THE GANG, AND NOW THEY'RE OUT TO GET HIM! BUT I WANT HIM FIRST!
ABRUPTLY, THE OMINOUS CLOUDS [illegible] AND A THUNDERSTORM BURSTS LOOSE WITH THE FURY OF THE HEAVENS!
THE STORM TORE THOSE WIRES DOWN! IT'S DARK IN THAT HOME... MAYBE I CAN GET SHELTER THERE!
INSIDE, THE DIM LIGHT OF A WAVERING CANDLE ILLUMINATES A STRANGE SCENE.
CERTAINLY YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY HERE!
SHH...OUR LITTLE GRANDSON IS BEING OPERATED ON... EMERGENCY APPENDIX! THE LIGHTS WENT OUT SUDDENLY!
HERE'S SOME HOT COFFEE, MISTER. YOU MUST BE COLD!
GEE, THANKS, MA'AM!
WHY DID THE LIGHTS GO OUT? THE DOCTOR SAYS CANDLE LIGHT IS DANGEROUS! HE NEEDS STEADY ELECTRIC LIGHT TO PERFORM THE OPERATION!
GOSH! I WISH I COULD HELP! THESE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SWELL TO ME. RIGHT IN THE MIDST OF THEIR OWN TROUBLES, SAY... I CAN DO SOMETHING!

MOMENTS LATER, PETE SLIPS OUTSIDE INTO THE LASHING RAIN, REMOVES HIS BULLETPROOF VEST...
THE WIRES.. THEY'RE TOO FAR APART FOR ME TO CONNECT THEM...BUT IF I CAN TOUCH BOTH ENDS TO MY METAL VEST, IT WILL COMPLETE THE CIRCUIT!
SUDDENLY... A GUN BARKS...
OHHHH...
SO YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD RUN OUT ON THE MOB, EH? WELL, I TOLD YOU I'D GET YOU!
A SECOND LATER, A MANTLED FORM LUNGES AT THE ASSASSIN..
DIRTY COWARD, I OUGHT TO BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY!
GOT TO KEEP GOIN'... THOSE WIRES.. DOC NEEDS LIGHT...
WAM
... BUT I'LL SETTLE FOR ALL YOUR TEETH!
NICE GOING, KID...I'LL GET YOU INSIDE NOW...
I GUESS I MADE IT.. BATMAN! THE LIGHTS ARE ON...BUT IT'S LIGHTS OUT FOR ME!
Later, INSIDE THE HOUSE...
I GUESS IT WASN'T IN THE CARDS.. FOR ME TO GO STRAIGHT...SO LONG, BATMAN!... UGH..
THE OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS, THANKS TO THAT POOR FELLOW!
AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE "HALL OF TROPHIES" IN 1942
AND SO, ROBIN, BY TAKING OFF HIS BULLETPROOF VEST FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME, PETE SAVED THE BOY'S LIFE...BUT HE LOST HIS OWN!
YES, BATMAN, TROPHY NO. 41, A LIFE-SAVING BULLETPROOF VEST THAT KILLED THE THREE RAFFERTY BROTHERS!
The End

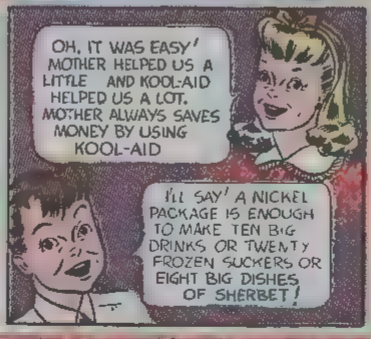
DON & NANCY ...COME TO THE RESCUE OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC ...AND THEY ALL HAVE A WONDERFUL TIME!




REFRESHMENTS ON ONLY A DOLLAR? WHY THERE ARE THIRTY OF US IN THIS CLASS... THAT'S ONLY ABOUT THREE CENTS FOR EACH OF US!
WE KNOW HOW! LET US PLAN THE PICNIC AND WE'LL SURPRISE YOU!

AT LAST CAME THE DAY OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC...

M-M-M-M- FROZEN SUCKERS! MINE'S ORANGE FLAVORED WHAT'S YOURS?
GANGWAY, FELLOWS ICE COLD DRINKS COMING UP! WHAT FLAVOR DO YOU WANT?
WHAT FUN! ICE COLD DRINKS, FROZEN SUCKERS, AND ICE CREAM SHERBET!
HURRAH FOR DON AND NANCY! CAN I HAVE SOME MORE? IT SURE TASTES GOOD!
ROOT BEER FLAVOR! SAY, THIS IS THE BEST I EVER HAD
LOOK, ICE CREAM SHERBET! WANT SOME, MARY?


OH, IT WAS EASY! MOTHER HELPED US A LITTLE AND KOOL-AID HELPED US A LOT. MOTHER ALWAYS SAVES MONEY BY USING KOOL-AID
I'LL SAY! A NICKEL PACKAGE IS ENOUGH TO MAKE TEN BIG DRINKS OR TWENTY FROZEN SUCKERS OR EIGHT BIG DISHES OF SHERBET!

KOOL-AID Costs So Little You Can Have It Often!

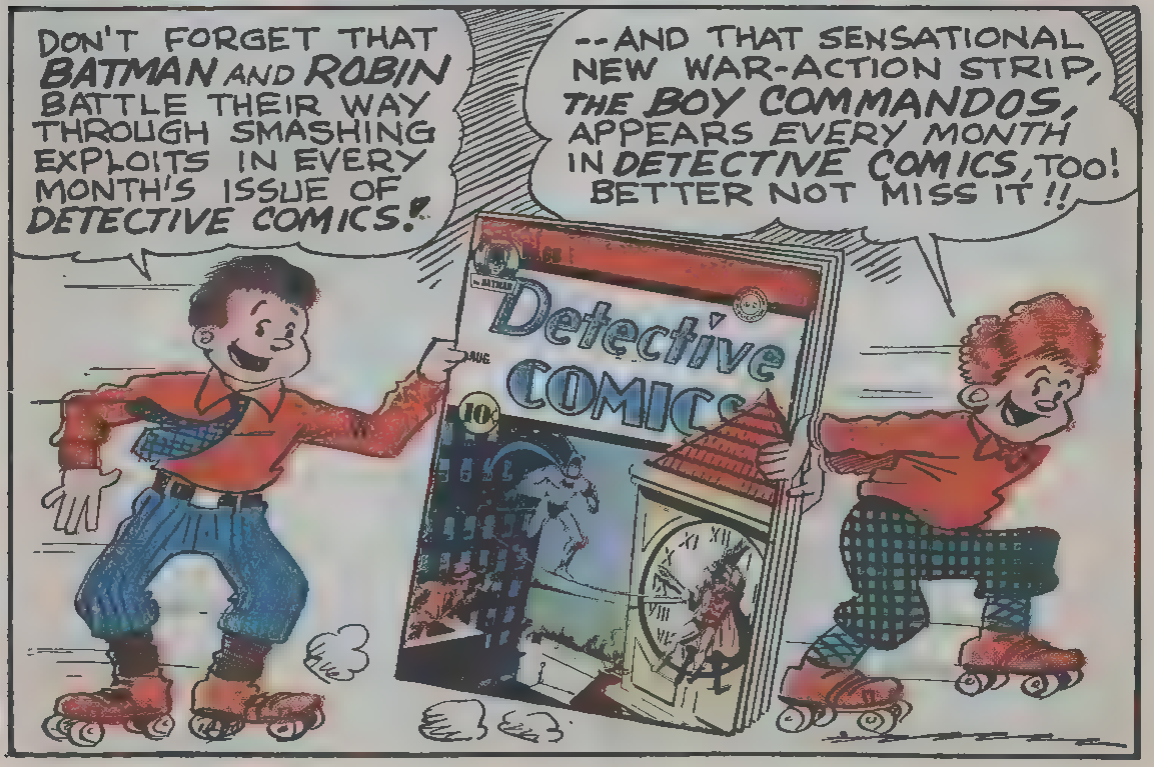
TELL your mother about Kool-Aid, how extra good it is in so many different ways. Once she discovers how swell it tastes and how little it costs, you'll be having Kool-Aid drinks real often. Recipes on package tell how to make frozen suckers and ice cream sherbet, too. *Ask mother to buy some Kool-Aid today! Try all seven flavors!*

BOYS! GIRLS! TRY KOOL-AID BUBBLE GUM

HAVE YOU tried Kool-Aid Bubble Gum? It comes in five different flavors, every one extra tasty and chewy. And for blowing bubbles, Kool-Aid Bubble Gum just can't be beat! You get a great big piece for only a penny—and the flavor lasts a long, long time. *Remember that,* and get more fun for your money. Always ask for KOOL-AID Bubble Gum. PERKINS PRODUCTS CO. • CHICAGO

BUDDY
GOSH! THERE'S THE DOG CATCHER!
PSEWEE NIMMO IS BEING KEPT IN AFTER SCHOOL! HE DONT KNOW ABOUT THIS! WHERE'S HIS DOG?
THERE HE IS NOW! HY-AH! HY-AH! SPORT!!
--BUT HURRY! THE WAGON IS COMING DOWN THIS WAY!!
GOTCHA!
YIPE
IT'S HIS ONLY CHANCE!
MAIL
?

GAS MAN
HOLD STILL I'M ON TH' TRAIL OF A FIFTH COLUMNIST.
FLEA
LETS SEE THAT PAPER, ROVER — I HEAR TH' G-MEN PICKED UP ANOTHER BUNCH OF SPIES IN TOWN!
YESSIR, THIS SPY BUSINESS IS GETTIN' SERIOUS — IT'S GOTTA BE STOPPED!
SPYS OUGHT TO BE RUN OUTTA TH' COUNTRY!
WONDER WHAT A SPY LOOKS LIKE?
SAY- WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?
WE'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS!
HEY, YOU KIDS! BREAK IT UP! SCRAM!
BASEBALL TODAY
AND YOU — IF I CATCH YOU BORING ANY MORE HOLES IN THIS FENCE, I'LL TURN YA OVER TO TH' COPS!
RAY MC GILL


DON'T FORGET THAT BATMAN AND ROBIN BATTLE THEIR WAY THROUGH SMASHING EXPLOITS IN EVERY MONTH'S ISSUE OF DETECTIVE COMICS!
--AND THAT SENSATIONAL NEW WAR-ACTION STRIP, THE BOY COMMANDOS, APPEARS EVERY MONTH IN DETECTIVE COMICS, TOO! BETTER NOT MISS IT!!
Detective COMICS
10¢

BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BOB KANE
WHO LAUGHS AT THE LOCK-SMITHS OF THE LAW? WHO WEARS THE WHITE DEAD MASK OF ANCIENT COMEDY ADJUSTED TO THE BODY OF A LIVING MAN? YES, YOU GUESSED IT! IT IS THE JOKER... THE CRIME CLOWN...THE HARLEQUIN OF HATE!! NOW THAT GRIMMEST OF JESTERS RETURNS .. AND LAUGHS AGAIN AS HIS ETERNALLY GRINNING LIPS MOUTH WORDS... WORDS OF SLANG. HARMLESS INNOCENT WORDS WHICH HIS WARPED MIND TWISTS INTO THE LANGUAGE OF CRIME! YES... THE JOKER'S ACTIONS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES WHEN HE BECOMES- "THE WIZARD OF WORDS!"
IN A GLOOMY ROOM, A MAN SITS AND LAUGHS! BUT THIS IS NO ORDINARY LAUGHTER...AND THIS IS NO ORDINARY MAN...
HA HA HA HA HA
...FOR, THIS IS MELANCHOLY, JEERING LAUGHTER...AND THIS MAN IS THAT DEALER OF DROLLERY AND DOOM...THE JOKER!

NOW THE JOKER RELAXES AFTER HIS LAST CRIME ESCAPADE...
A VERY GOOD JOKE, SLAPSY, HA! HA! DO YOU KNOW ANY MORE?
WAIT'LL YOU HEAR THIS ONE, BOSS. IT'LL KILL YA!
IT'LL KILL ME? I'D RATHER LIVE, THANK YOU! HA! HA! SLAPSY, WERE I TO TAKE THAT REMARK LITERALLY, IT WOULD MEAN A THREAT ON MY LIFE!
AW, BOSS, I DIDN'T MEAN NOTH'N'!
I KNOW THAT, YET MOST PEOPLE USE SLANG EXPRESSIONS DAILY WHICH, IF CARRIED OUT WORD FOR WORD, WOULD CAUSE THEM TO COMMIT CRIMES! "I'LL MOW YOU DOWN" AND OTHERS! GET THE IDEA?
HMM! AND THAT GIVES ME A TREMENDOUS IDEA... AN IDEA THAT ONLY THE JOKER COULD THINK OF! HA! HA!
SNAP!
SLAPSY, GO OUT AND GET ME SOME BAKING DOUGH, A PICTURE FRAME, SOME FIRECRACKERS AND SOME BARRELS OF RED PAINT!
UH?
WHAT IS THE JOKER'S PLAN? HOW CAN THESE UNRELATED OBJECTS FIT TOGETHER TO FORM A CRIME PATTERN?
NEXT DAY, A PROMINENT BANKER RECEIVES A STRANGE MESSAGE...
I HEAR YOU LIKE MONEY! PERHAPS YOU WILL BE PLEASED WHEN I CROWN YOU WITH DOUGH (signed) THE JOKER!
TH-J-JOKER WANTS TO GIVE ME A LOT OF MONEY?
LATER THAT DAY... AS THE BANKER PASSES BENEATH A WINDOW..
DIDN'T I SAY, I WOULD "COVER YOU WITH DOUGH"? HA! HA! THIS IS NOT MONEY... BUT REAL BAKING DOUGH! HA! HA!
THAT SAME DAY, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY ALSO GETS A LETTER!
MR. D. A: I DON'T LIKE YOU! I'M GOING TO COMMIT A CRIME AND FRAME YOU FOR IT! (Signed) THE JOKER!
HE CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THAT! HE CAN'T FRAME ME!
2

BUT THE D.A. IS WRONG... ALL THE WAY! FOR, THE NEXT DAY...
WH... WHAT'S HAPPENED?
THE JOKER FRAMED ME... BUT NOT IN THE WAY I EXPECTED!
THEN, THE MAYOR RECEIVES A MESSAGE!
"you'll see fireworks in your office when I start with you, the JOKER"
OH-H-H... FIREWORKS! THAT MEANS HE'S GOING TO MAKE SOME SORT OF TROUBLE FOR ME!
BUT WHEN THE MAYOR ENTERS HIS OFFICE THE NEXT DAY, HE IS GREETED BY...
BANG
POP
POP
Z-O-O-M M M
FIREWORKS! THE JOKER ACTUALLY DID MAKE FIREWORKS IN MY OFFICE!
THE PLAGUE OF MAD PRANKS MAKES HEADLINE NEWS, AND THE PUBLIC WONDERS... AS DO BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON.
FIREWORKS! PICTURE FRAMES! THE JOKER'S GONE CRAZY AT LAST!
GOLLY, BRUCE, IT CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE IT!
DON'T KID YOURSELF! ANY TIME THAT BABY STARTS CLOWNING... HE ENDS UP WITH A CRIME!
IS BRUCE RIGHT? IS THERE A CALCULATING THREAD OF EVIL WINDING THROUGH THIS PATTERN OF MAD MIRTH? LET'S SEE...
THE NEXT DAY... COMMISSIONER GORDON GETS A NOTE.
SO... HE EXPECTS TO HAVE A RIP-ROARING TIME MAKING WHOOPEE, EH? I'LL HAVE THE BOYS PATROL THE NIGHT CLUB!
Gordon, I
PAINT THE TOWN RED! (signed)
THE JOKER
SOME TIME LATER, A POLICEMAN STARES IN WIDE-EYED ASTONISHMENT...
WHA... WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE?
NOTHIN' MUCH! I'M JUST PAINTIN' THE SIDEWALK RED! HA!
AND SO IT GOES, AS AT VARIOUS SPOTS IN THE CITY FUGITIVE HOODLUMS LEAVE BEHIND A WAKE OF RED PAINT...
HEY, YOU! COME BACK HERE!
HAW! HAW!
3
WHILE HIGH IN THE SKY, THE JOKER RELEASES A FLOOD OF SCARLET OVER THE ROOFTOPS...
HA...HA! I WARNED THEM I WOULD PAINT THE TOWN RED... AND I AM! HA...HA!
BANK

LATE THAT NIGHT... A STARTLING CHANGE OCCURS IN THE WAYNE HOME...
WHAT'S UP? WHY THE SUDDEN INTEREST IN TONIGHT'S PAPER?
I'M CHECKING UP ON A LIST OF PLACES THAT WERE PAINTED RED BY THE JOKER'S MOB!
YOU THINK THE JOKER PULLED THESE STUNTS AS A COVER-UP FOR SOMETHING CROOKED?
BULL'S-EYE, ROBIN! NOW ...LET'S SEE... GROCERY STORE WINDOW... MUSEUM WALL... BANK ROOFTOP.. SAY! THAT'S THE ONLY BANK MENTIONED! THAT'S IT, THEN! IT MUST BE!
SNAP!
BY ELEVATOR, THE DUO DESCENDS TO THE BATMAN'S SECRET UNDERGROUND HANGARS...
OLD DISGUISED BARN
WINCH
WINCH CHAIN TO PULL BATPLANE UP INCLINE
GOT ANY IDEA WHAT THE JOKER'S UP TO?
NO, ROBIN...
WAYNE HOME
SECRET LABORATORY
BATPLANES' HANGAR
BATMOBILES' GARAGE
REPAIR AND WORKSHOP
...BUT I'VE HAD TOO MANY TUSSLES WITH THAT GUY TO STOP ME FROM PLAYING MY HUNCH!
THE DISGUISED BARN'S AUTOMATIC DOOR SWINGS OPEN... AND THE BAT-PLANE ROARS SKYWARD!
4
AT THAT INSTANT... CRIME STRIKES ON THE BANK ROOFTOP!
MY SCHEME WORKED! ALL THESE SEEMINGLY INSANE PRANKS... TO COVER UP A CRIME COUP! HA! HA!
HEY! I CAN SEE THE INSIDE O' THE BANK! YOU KICKED A HOLE RIGHT THROUGH THE ROOF!
PRECISELY! THAT RED PAINT I SPRAYED HERE WAS MIXED WITH AN ACID SO POWERFUL, SO CORROSIVE, IT WEAKENED THE FLOOR IN A FEW HOURS! HA! I'M REALLY BRILLIANT!
VAULT

1
INSIDE, THE LOOTERS STRIKE SWIFTLY!
WHA...?
UGH!
CURIOUS FELLOW, AREN'T YOU? HA! HA!
2
Suddenly... TWO CAPED FIGURES INTERRUPT THE EVIL PROCEEDINGS!
WELL, WELL! CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE I CALLED MY SHOT THIS TIME, EH, ROBIN!
YOU MUST'VE BEEN PEEKING INTO A CRYSTAL BALL! MY-MY, LOOK AT ALL THE NASTY MEN! TSK-TSK!
BATMAN AND ROBIN!
3
JUST DROPPED IN TO MAKE A DEPOSIT... RIGHT ON YOUR CHIN!
UGH!
4
MOVING WITH THE LITHE GRACE OF PANTHERS, THE CRIME-BUSTERS TEAR INTO THE BANDITS!
LOOKING FOR MONEY? HOW ABOUT SOME HARD CASH!
5
ALL RIGHT, KID... HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS!
OH-OH! GOT TO DO SOMETHING... BUT QUICKLY!
6
DUCK, ROBIN!
7
OOF!
LOW BRIDGE!
5

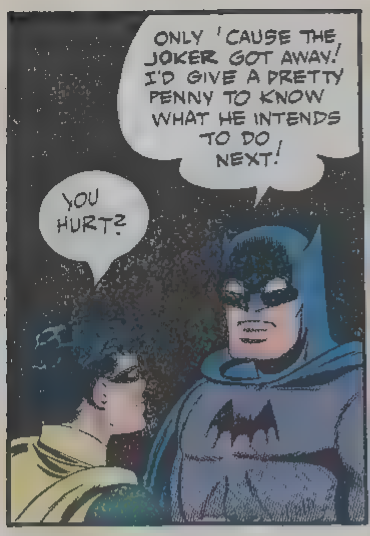
THAT WAS FAST THINKING, BATMAN!
AND THAT WAS FAST DUCKING, ROBIN! NOW LET'S CLEAN THE RATS OUT OF THIS PLACE!
VAU
BUT, UNSEEN, A FUGITIVE HAND REACHES FOR THE FALLEN FIRE EXTINGUISHER.
THE JOKER HAS RECOVERED!
YOU DIDN'T REALLY THINK YOU COULD GET RID OF ME SO EASILY, DID YOU? HA! HA!
WHA...? OOH-HH!
OH... MY EYES! MY EYES!
CAUGHT YOU BY SURPRISE, DIDN'T I? THIS WILL TEACH YOU TO RESPECT MY STAMINA! HA! HA!
SUDDENLY... THE SPINE-CHILLING WAIL OF A POLICE SIREN!
HUH? THE POLICE! THE VAULT ALARM MUST'VE COME OFF!
EEEEEEEE
EEEEEEEE
WE BETTER SCRAM, BUT FIRST, I'M GONNA FILL THE BATMAN FULLA LEAD!
WITH THE POLICE ON OUR TRAIL, YOU WANT TO TAKE TIME OUT FOR SHOOTING! GET MOVING, STUPID, TO THE ROOF
6
Later... WHEN THE POLICE BARGE INTO THE BANK...
HOLY SMOKE! BATMAN, WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE?
OH, WE JUST HAD ANOTHER RUN-IN WITH OUR OLD PAL THE JOKER!
WOW! WHERE AM I?
LOOKS LIKE HE GOT AWAY FROM YOU THIS TIME!
YES, BUT NEXT TIME, I'M TAKING THE JOKER FOR A ONE-WAY RIDE... TO JAIL!

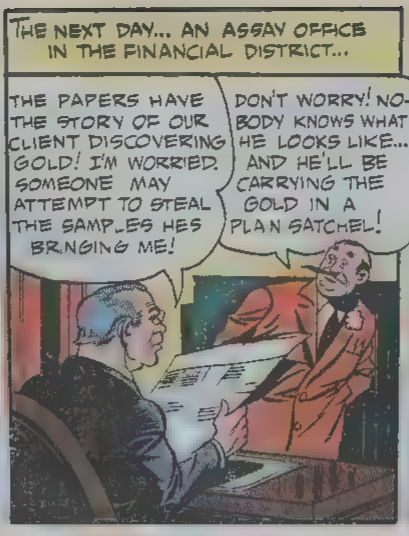
THAT NIGHT.. IN THE JOKER'S SECRET SANCTUM...
BOSS, WE DIDN'T GET NOTHIN' ON THAT JOB AND ALL BECAUSE OF THE BATMAN! YOU SHOULDA LET ME PLUG 'IM!
NO! ANYONE CAN KILL WITH A GUN! BUT I'M NOT ANYONE! I'M THE JOKER!
WHEN I KILL IT MUST BE WITH SOME IMAGINATION. BUT YOU ARE RIGHT! I MUST GET THE BATMAN BEFORE HE GETS ME!
LEAVE ME! I WANT TO THINK! I WANT TO PLAN A FATAL TRAP FOR THE BATMAN... HA! HA!
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT... A NEWS FLASH..
FLASH! COMMISSIONER GORDON JUST RECEIVED A CALL FROM THE JOKER WHO VOWED TO "MAKE HOT NEWS BY SETTING THE WORLD ON FIRE!"
TO "SET THE WORLD ON FIRE" MEANS TO GET FAME! BUT, THE JOKER ILLUSTRATING HIS MESSAGES WORD FOR WORD—
IF HE INTENDS TO PUT THE WHOLE WORLD IN FLAMES, HE WILL MAKE HOT NEWS!
"HOT NEWS"... THE GOTHAM WORLD! THE NEWSPAPER! IT JUST MOVED FROM AN OLD BUILDING TO A MODERNISTIC, FIRE-PROOF SKYSCRAPER!
THERE, THAT'S THE WORLD HE'S GOING TO SET ON FIRE! LET'S GET GOING!
MINUTES LATER.. THE DUO HALTS BEFORE A RAM-SHACKLE OLD FACTORY THAT LOOMS OMINOUSLY AGAINST THE GLOOMY WATER-FRONT.
THERE'S WHERE THEY ONCE PRINTED THAT PAPER! BUT WHICH PLACE DO YOU THINK THE JOKER MEANS... THIS OR THE NEW BUILDING?
I DON'T KNOW! TELL YOU WHAT. WE'LL SPLIT UP! YOU TAKE THE NEW BUILDING, I'LL INVESTIGATE THE OLD FIRE-TRAP!
LATER .. A WEIRD, BATLIKE SHAPE FLITS WARILY OVER DUST-COVERED FLOORS!

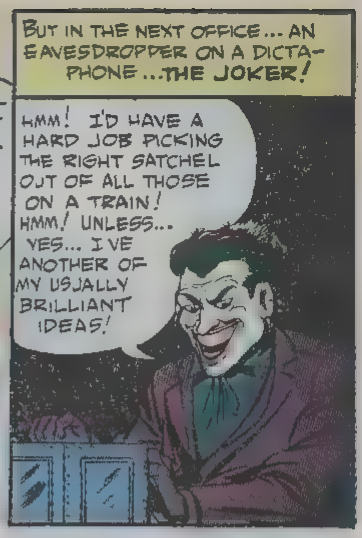
THEN, WITHOUT WARNING... SUDDEN AMBUSH!
WHAT?
"COME INTO MY TRAP," SAID THE JOKER TO THE BATMAN! HA! HA! A NEW APPROPRIATE VARIATION ON AN OLD SAYING!
Moments later...
BOY-O-BOY! AM I A PRIZE SAP?
NOT EXACTLY. IT TOOK BRAIN MATTER TO FATHOM MY CRYPTIC MESSAGE. NOW, BATMAN, YOU'RE THE TOP CRIME-BUSTER... AND TO SHOW MY RESPECT FOR YOUR TALENT... I'M TAKING YOU FOR A SPIN!
A SWITCH IS THROWN! THERE IS THE HUM AND CRACKLE OF ELECTRICITY... AND THE GYROSCOPE STARTS TO SPIN!
BEFORE THE BATMAN CAN COMPREHEND, HE IS STRADDLED ACROSS A HUGE GYROSCOPE!
A GYROSCOPE TOP FOR A TOP MAN! I PROMISED YOU A SPIN.. AND YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT! HA! HA!
Suddenly, THE JOKER'S HAND CLOSES THE SWITCH! THE GIANT TOP FALTERS IN ITS SPIN!
FASTER... FASTER... AT A THOUSAND REVOLUTIONS PER SECOND .. FASTER... WITH THE TERRIBLE CENTRIFUGAL FORCE HURLING PULSE-POUNDING BLOOD IN HIS HEAD AND FEET!
IN A FEW MOMENTS YOUR BLOOD WILL HIT YOUR BRAIN WITH SUCH PRESSURE THAT YOU WILL GO MAD! HA! HA!
NO, BATMAN... I DON'T LIKE THAT SORT OF LIVING DEATH FOR YOU! ..IT'S TOO...TOO AH...INDIGNIFIED!
HAS THE HARLEQUIN OF HATE SAVED THE BATMAN FROM A HORRIBLE END? DON'T FORGET... HE IS... THE JOKER!
NO, BATMAN... I'VE A BETTER IDEA.. I'M GOING TO LET YOU WALK THE ROAD TO SUCCESS! HA! HA!
OH-H-H! IT ISN'T BAD ENOUGH WHEN I SEE ONE JOKER... NOW I SEE FOUR OF HIM! MY HEAD... GOING ROUND.... DIZZY!
B

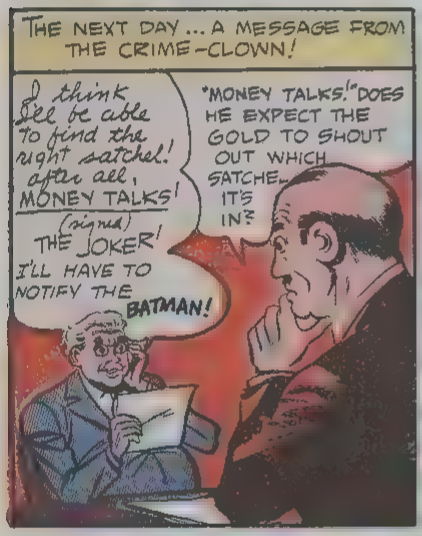
"THE ROAD TO SUCCESS!"
A SLIM PLANK HOVERING OVER SUDDEN DEATH!
THE ROAD TO SUCCESS! GOOD, EH? I ADMIT IT IS MELODRAMATIC, BUT IT FITS MY PERSONALITY! HA! HA!
THE DAZED BATMAN IS PRODDED OUT ONTO THE PLANK WITHOUT FULLY REALIZING HIS DESPERATE PLIGHT...
CROSS THAT PLANK SUCCESSFULLY AND YOU ARE FREE! FAILURE MEANS DEATH! EITHER THE BURNING OIL ON ONE SIDE, OR THE UPRIGHT SPIKES ON THE OTHER! HA! HA!
BUT ONTO THE PLANK STEPS THE BATMAN...
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
EVERYTHING'S GOING AROUND... SPINNING... CAN'T SEE STRAIGHT!
BUT THE CRAFTY JOKER KNOWS HOW THE PLANK AND CHASM MUST APPEAR TO THE BATMAN AFTER HIS TERRIBLE ORDEAL.
HA! HA!
I SEE THREE PLANKS NOW! WHICH IS THE REAL ONE?... GOT TO PICK THE RIGHT ONE! BUT I CAN'T TELL... I CAN'T TELL!
OWOO!
AS THE JOKER MOVES TO PROD THE BATMAN TO CERTAIN DEATH- SUDDENLY... A HUM ... AND SOMETHING SMACKS HIS HAND!
THEN CATA-PULTING FORWARD, TWIRLING HIS SLING-SHOT IS A MODERN YOUNG DAVID TO DEFY A GOLIATH OF CRIME... ROBIN!
NOW THIS IS WHAT I CALL ARRIVING IN THE NICK OF TIME!
YIPPEE! OUTA MY WAY! I'M RIDING HIGH!

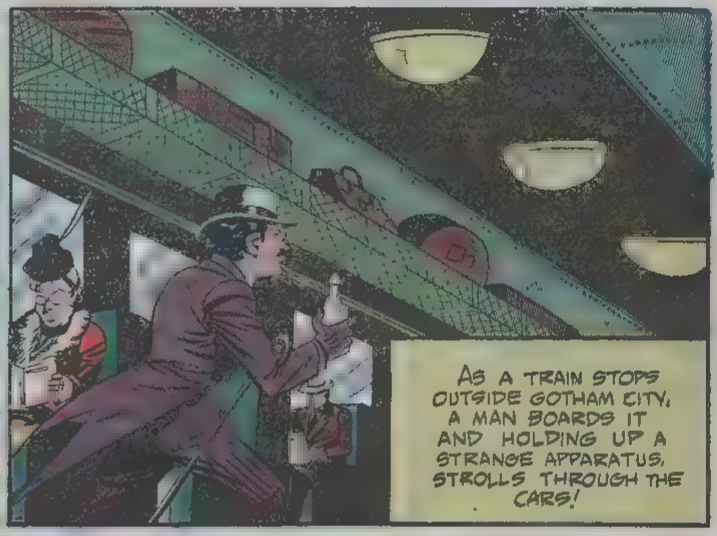
THE BOY WONDER LIVES UP TO HIS NAME, AND STRIKES WITH DEVASTATING FORCE.
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO FEEL DIZZY!
HA! HA! NOW IS MY CHANCE... HA! HA!
WHILE THAT BOY FIGHTS, I'LL FINISH THE BATMAN ONCE AND FOR ALL!
THE BOARD TIPS, AND SPILLS THE BATMAN! DOWN HE DROPS... TOWARD WAITING DOOM...
HA! HA! TRY TO BEAT THIS BATMAN!
BUT SOMETHING DOES BEAT IT... A FLASHING SHAPE THAT MATCHES THE BATMAN'S DEATH PLUNGE!
STRONG, STURDY LEGS SNARE THE BATMAN IN MID-AIR... CLAMP TIGHTLY ABOUT HIM...
...AND CARRY HIM TO SAFETY ONTO THE OPPOSITE CATWALK!
THANKS, PAL! I'LL DO THE SAME FOR YOU SOME TIME!
DON'T MENTION IT...
RETREAT, YOU FOOLS! ONCE THE BATMAN REGAINS HIS BALANCE, HE'LL BE AFTER US WITH VENGEANCE IN HIS EYES!
... AND IN EACH FIST! I DON'T WANNA BE AROUND WHEN THAT HAPPENS!
10

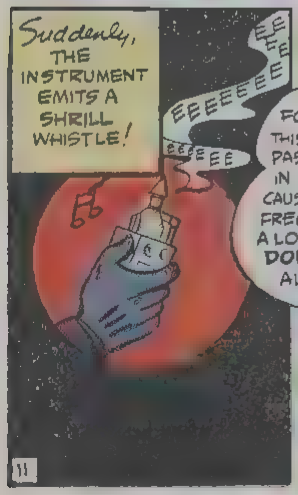

ONLY 'CAUSE THE JOKER GOT AWAY! I'D GIVE A PRETTY PENNY TO KNOW WHAT HE INTENDS TO DO NEXT!
YOU HURT?

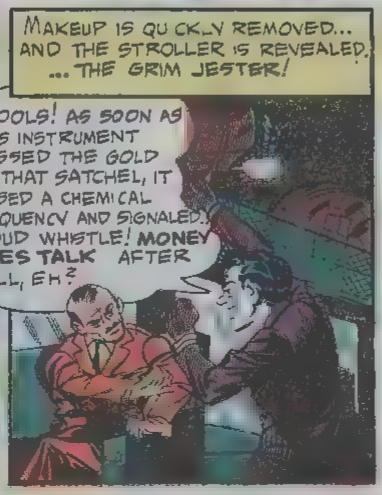

THE NEXT DAY... AN ASSAY OFFICE IN THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT...
THE PAPERS HAVE THE STORY OF OUR CLIENT DISCOVERING GOLD! I'M WORRIED. SOMEONE MAY ATTEMPT TO STEAL THE SAMPLES HES BRINGING ME!
DON'T WORRY! NOBODY KNOWS WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE... AND HE'LL BE CARRYING THE GOLD IN A PLAIN SATCHEL!

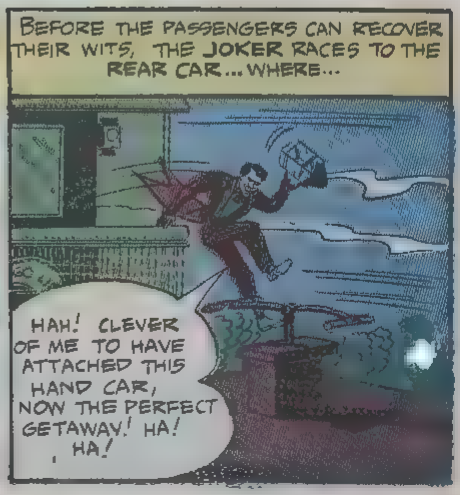

BUT IN THE NEXT OFFICE... AN EAVESDROPPER ON A DICTAPHONE ...THE JOKER!
HMM! I'D HAVE A HARD JOB PICKING THE RIGHT SATCHEL OUT OF ALL THOSE ON A TRAIN! HMM! UNLESS... YES... I'VE ANOTHER OF MY USUALLY BRILLIANT IDEAS!


THE NEXT DAY... A MESSAGE FROM THE CRIME-CLOWN!
I think I'll be able to find the right satchel! after all, MONEY TALKS! (signed) THE JOKER! I'LL HAVE TO NOTIFY THE BATMAN!
"MONEY TALKS!" DOES HE EXPECT THE GOLD TO SHOUT OUT WHICH SATCHEL IT'S IN?

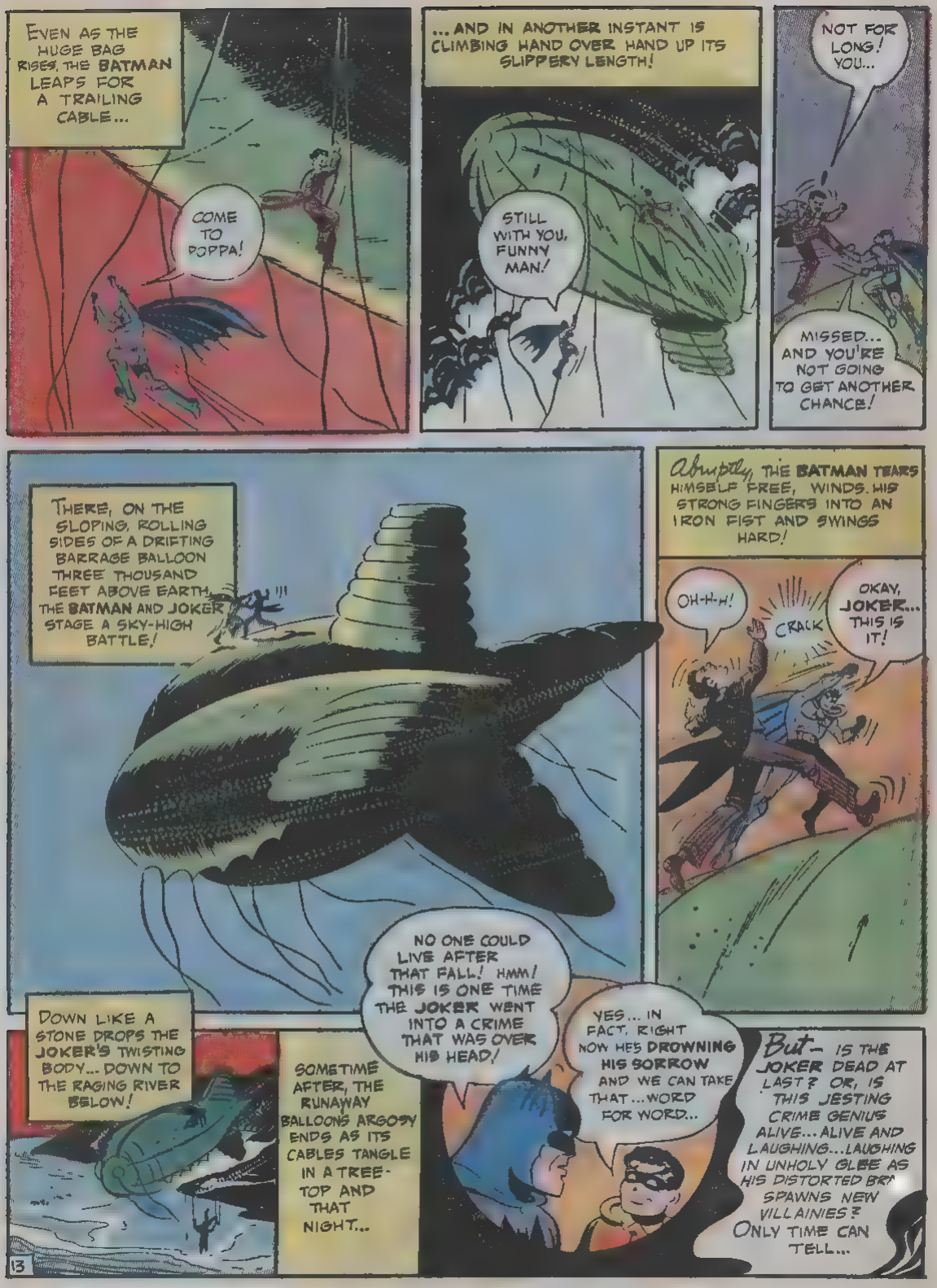

AS A TRAIN STOPS OUTSIDE GOTHAM CITY, A MAN BOARDS IT AND HOLDING UP A STRANGE APPARATUS, STROLLS THROUGH THE CARS!


Suddenly, THE INSTRUMENT EMITS A SHRILL WHISTLE!
EEEEEEEEE


MAKEUP IS QUICKLY REMOVED... AND THE STROLLER IS REVEALED. ...THE GRIM JESTER!
FOOLS! AS SOON AS THIS INSTRUMENT PASSED THE GOLD IN THAT SATCHEL, IT CAUSED A CHEMICAL FREQUENCY AND SIGNALED A LOUD WHISTLE! MONEY DOES TALK AFTER ALL, EH?


BEFORE THE PASSENGERS CAN RECOVER THEIR WITS, THE JOKER RACES TO THE REAR CAR... WHERE...
HAH! CLEVER OF ME TO HAVE ATTACHED THIS HAND CAR, NOW THE PERFECT GETAWAY! HA! HA!

BUT, RACING IN THE WAKE OF THE TRAIN... THE BATMOBILE!
YOU!
IF YOU CAN FOLLOW A TRAIN, I GUESS I CAN, TOO! YOU'RE TRAPPED THIS TIME, JOKER!
THE WILY JOKER SWIFTLY SWITCHES ONTO ANOTHER TRACK... BUT THE BATMAN IS NOT TO BE DENIED!
A GOOD TRICK, JOKER... BUT IT WON'T WORK!
MASTER CRIME-FIGHTER AND MASTER CRIMINAL LOCK GRIPS IN SWAYING BATTLE ON A RUNAWAY HAND CAR!
THEN, A TERRIBLE SPINE-CHILLING WAIL.. A TRAIN WHISTLE!
TWEEEEEEEEE!!
A ROARING MONSTER OF STEEL THUNDERS DOWN ON THE HAND CAR AND ITS HUMAN FREIGHT...
A SHATTERING CRASH... AND A TWIN LEAP FOR LIFE!
THE IMMEDIATE DANGER AVERTED, THE GRUELING, EXCITING MANHUNT CONTINUES UNABATED!
YOU! DID YOU HAVE TO LIVE THROUGH THAT, TOO?
AS LONG AS YOU'RE ALIVE, PALLY, I'LL BE AROUND!
AS THE JOKER RACES PAST AN ARMY CAMP, HE SPIES A CHANCE FOR ESCAPE — A BLOW FELLS A GUARDING WATCHMAN.
HAH! HA!
... AND THE ANCHOR CABLES OF A BARRAGE BALLOON BREAK LOOSE FROM THEIR MOORINGS!


EVEN AS THE HUGE BAG RISES, THE BATMAN LEAPS FOR A TRAILING CABLE...
COME TO POPPA!
...AND IN ANOTHER INSTANT IS CLIMBING HAND OVER HAND UP ITS SLIPPERY LENGTH!
STILL WITH YOU, FUNNY MAN!
NOT FOR LONG! YOU...
MISSED... AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET ANOTHER CHANCE!
THERE, ON THE SLOPING, ROLLING SIDES OF A DRIFTING BARRAGE BALLOON THREE THOUSAND FEET ABOVE EARTH, THE BATMAN AND JOKER STAGE A SKY-HIGH BATTLE!
Abruptly, THE BATMAN TEARS HIMSELF FREE, WINDS HIS STRONG FINGERS INTO AN IRON FIST AND SWINGS HARD!
OH-H-H!
CRACK
OKAY, JOKER... THIS IS IT!
NO ONE COULD LIVE AFTER THAT FALL! HMM! THIS IS ONE TIME THE JOKER WENT INTO A CRIME THAT WAS OVER HIS HEAD!
YES... IN FACT, RIGHT NOW HE'S DROWNING HIS SORROW AND WE CAN TAKE THAT...WORD FOR WORD...
DOWN LIKE A STONE DROPS THE JOKER'S TWISTING BODY... DOWN TO THE RAGING RIVER BELOW!
SOMETIME AFTER, THE RUNAWAY BALLOONS ARGOSY ENDS AS ITS CABLES TANGLE IN A TREE-TOP AND THAT NIGHT...
But— IS THE JOKER DEAD AT LAST? OR, IS THIS JESTING CRIME GENIUS ALIVE... ALIVE AND LAUGHING...LAUGHING IN UNHOLY GLEE AS HIS DISTORTED BRA SPAWNS NEW VILLAINIES? ONLY TIME CAN TELL...
13

Leading COMICS
SUPERMAN
No.17
10¢
GREEN LANTERN
No. 4 HAMMER ISSUE
10¢
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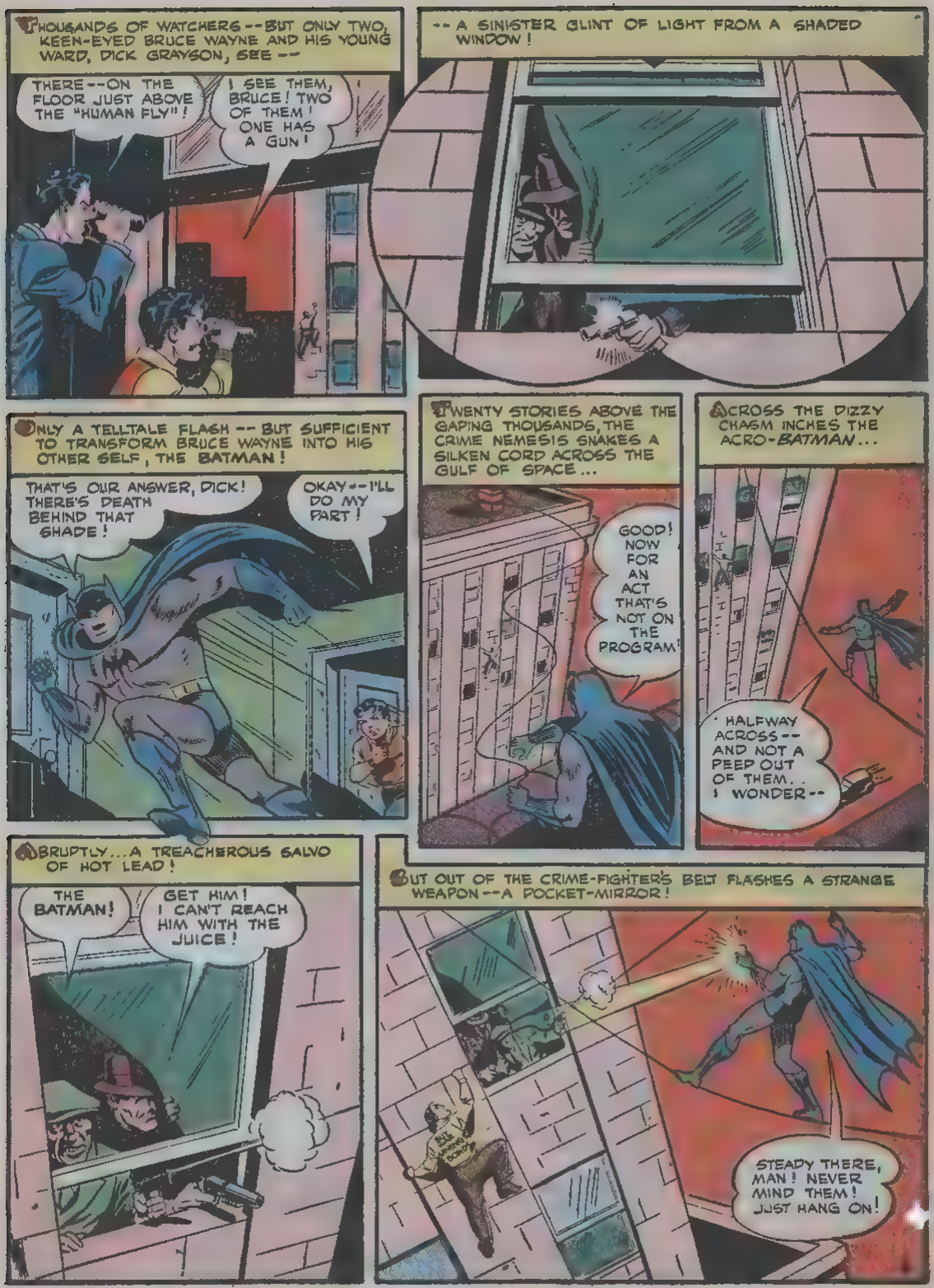
BUD FISHER

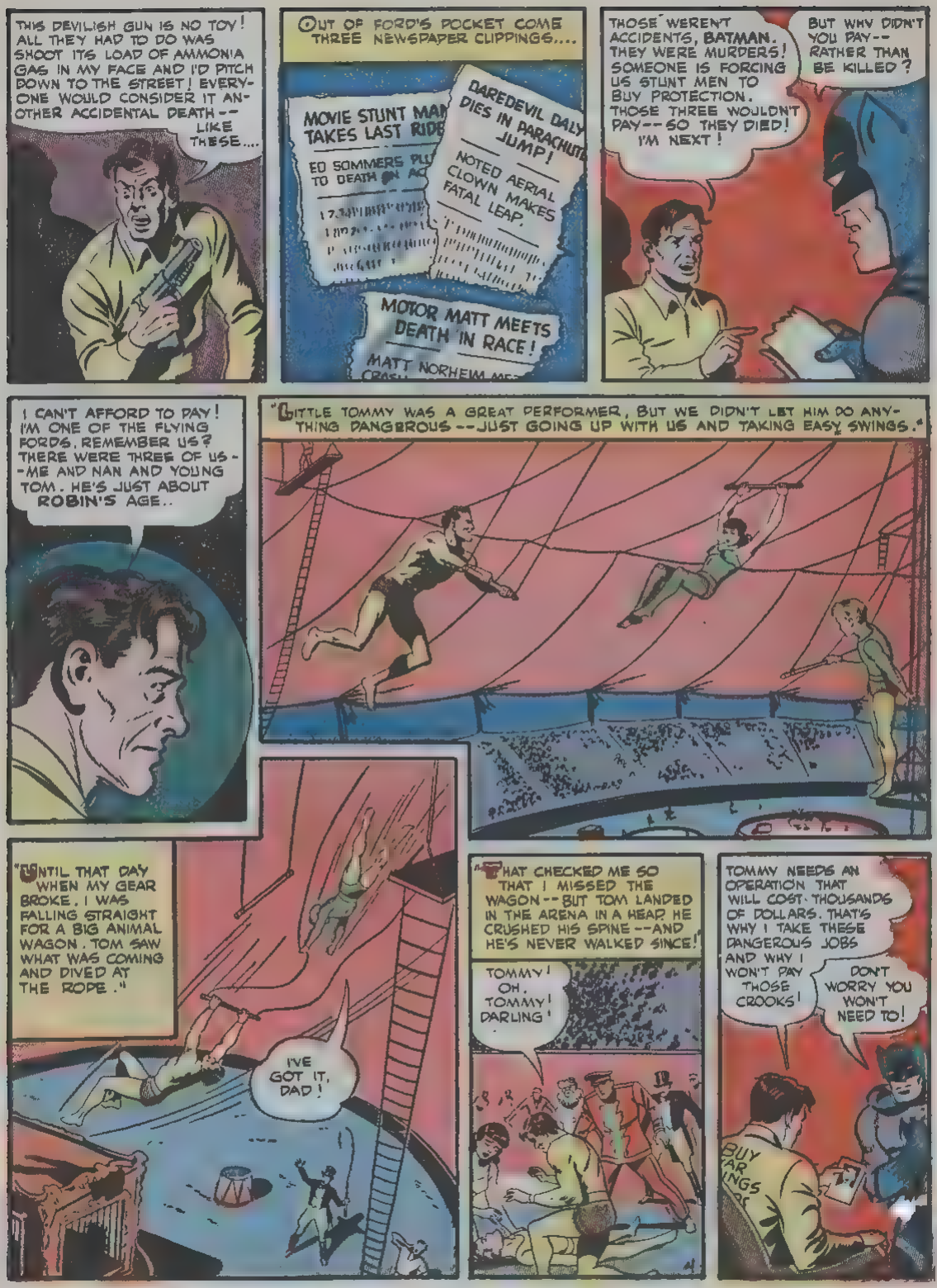
NOW ON SALE

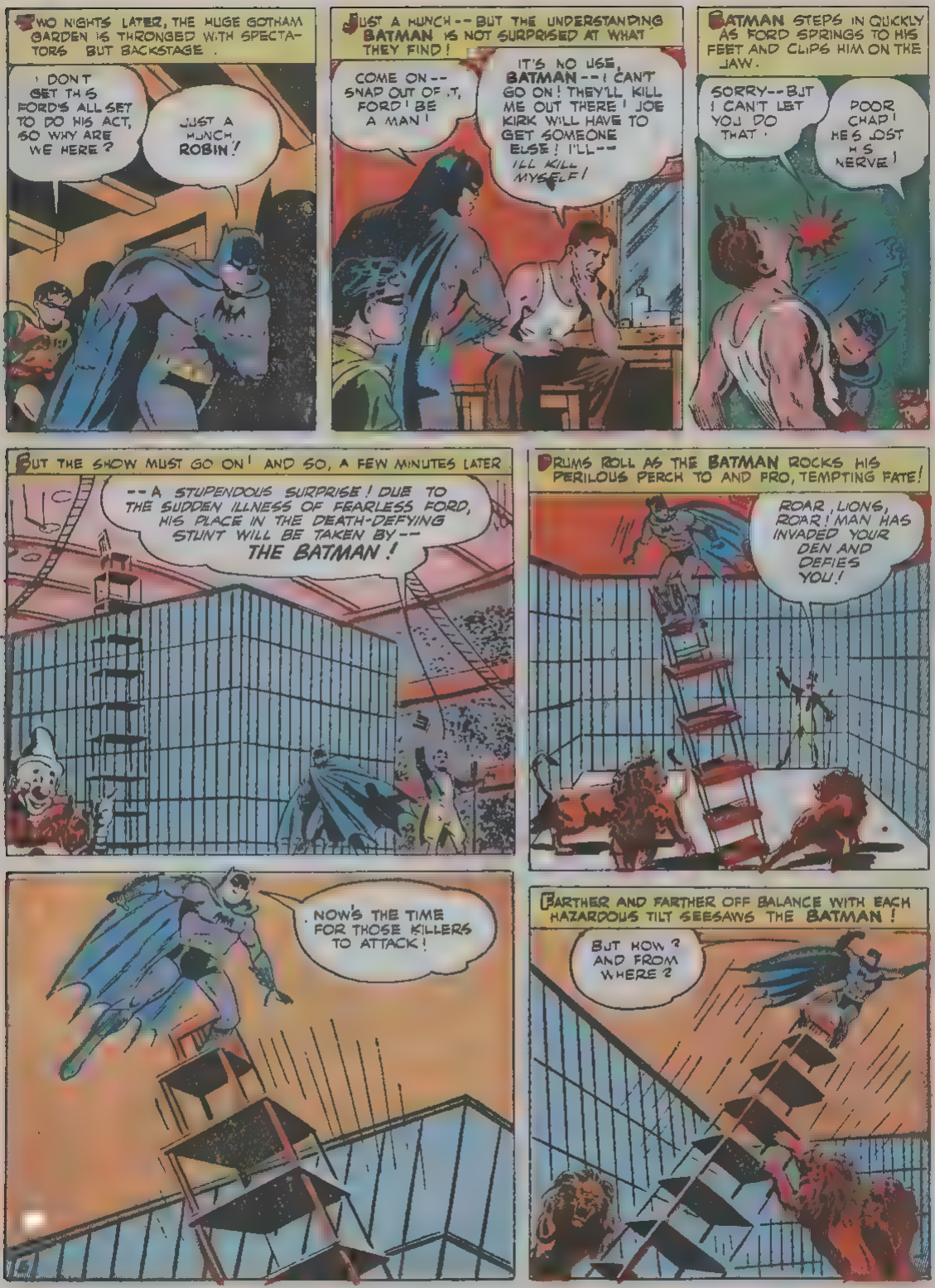
WINDY WATKINS
BY ALGER
I'LL NEVER FORGET THE BATTLE O' POMME DE TERRE VALLEY IN TH' LAST WAR!
I WUZ ON MY WAY TO HEADQUARTERS F'R TH' CANNON REPORT 'N' A HUNNERT FEET O' SKIRMISH LINE-
-WHEN GENERAL RAINFALL ORDERED MAJOR HAIRCURL 'N' ME T' GATHER SOME EGGS OUTA SOME MACHINE GUN NESTS!
AFTER NIGHTFALL WE CREPT OVER TO TH' NESTS-'N' WHADDAYUH S'POSE?
I DUNNO! WHAT?
NO EGGS THERE! THEY'D ALL SCRAMBLED!
SOME YOLK!
HOW 'BOUT SUNDAY?

BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-
DANGER IS THE DAILY DIET OF THOSE HUMAN DAREDEVILS WE CALL THE "STUNT MEN" --- THOSE FEARLESS FELLOWS WHO RECKLESSLY STAKE THEIR VERY LIVES UPON THEIR STEELY NERVES! HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES ARE THEIR STOCK IN TRADE. BREATH-TAKING HAZARDS HOLD NO TERRORS FOR THEM --- UNTIL DEATH MYSTERIOUSLY HALTS THEIR GALLANT DEEDS!
THIS IS THE THRILLING STORY OF MEN WHO HAVE TO BE BRAVE FOR A PRICE... AND OF BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER, WHOSE BRAVERY COULD NOT BE BOUGHT... IN THE ADVENTURE OF ----
"THEY THRILL TO CONQUER!"
BOB KANE
UP THE SHEER FACE OF A SKYSCRAPER CLIMBS A "HUMAN FLY" TO DO HIS BIT FOR UNCLE SAM!
BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS


THOUSANDS OF WATCHERS--BUT ONLY TWO, KEEN-EYED BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON, SEE --
THERE--ON THE FLOOR JUST ABOVE THE "HUMAN FLY"!
I SEE THEM, BRUCE! TWO OF THEM! ONE HAS A GUN!
-- A SINISTER GLINT OF LIGHT FROM A SHADED WINDOW!
ONLY A TELLTALE FLASH -- BUT SUFFICIENT TO TRANSFORM BRUCE WAYNE INTO HIS OTHER SELF, THE BATMAN!
THAT'S OUR ANSWER, DICK! THERE'S DEATH BEHIND THAT SHADE!
OKAY--I'LL DO MY PART!
TWENTY STORIES ABOVE THE GAPING THOUSANDS, THE CRIME NEMESIS SNAKES A SILKEN CORD ACROSS THE GULF OF SPACE...
GOOD! NOW FOR AN ACT THAT'S NOT ON THE PROGRAM!
ACROSS THE DIZZY CHASM INCHES THE ACRO-BATMAN...
HALFWAY ACROSS-- AND NOT A PEEP OUT OF THEM.. I WONDER--
ABRUPTLY...A TREACHEROUS SALVO OF HOT LEAD!
THE BATMAN!
GET HIM! I CAN'T REACH HIM WITH THE JUICE!
BUT OUT OF THE CRIME-FIGHTER'S BELT FLASHES A STRANGE WEAPON--A POCKET-MIRROR!
STEADY THERE, MAN! NEVER MIND THEM! JUST HANG ON!

INCH BY INCH -- AND AGAIN THE GUN ROARS!
THERE-- THAT GOT H.M!
ALMOST, MY FRIEND --BUT--NOT-- QUITE!
AND CHEATED DEATH GNASHES ITS TEETH!
HOLD IT! HOLD IT!. ATTABOY! NOW JUST A COUPLE MORE STEPS....
BUT BEARS WHITE BONES
MEANWHILE, ON THE FLOOR BELOW....
YOU MISSED HIM -- AND HE'S GOT FORD! WAIT'LL THE CHIEF HEARS THIS!
AW, I COULDN'T SEE, I TELL YER, DUKE! HE SHONE A LIGHT RIGHT IN MY EYES. I--
THE DOOR TO ESCAPE- - BUT THROUGH IT VAULTS ROBIN THE BOY WONDER!
MUSTN'T CROSS AGAINST THE LIGHT, OLD TOP!
NEXT! SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITING!
OKAY YOU WANT IT SO BAD--TAKE IT!
SPLIT SECONDS LATER, BATMAN FACES A GROGGY ROBIN...
THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COM- FORT, ROBIN!
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN CLOSER IF THAT GUN HAD BEEN REAL INSTEAD OF A TOY. FUNNY THING TO BE TOTING AROUND WITH THEM, ISN'T IT?
AMMONIA... THE ROOM IS FULL OF IT!

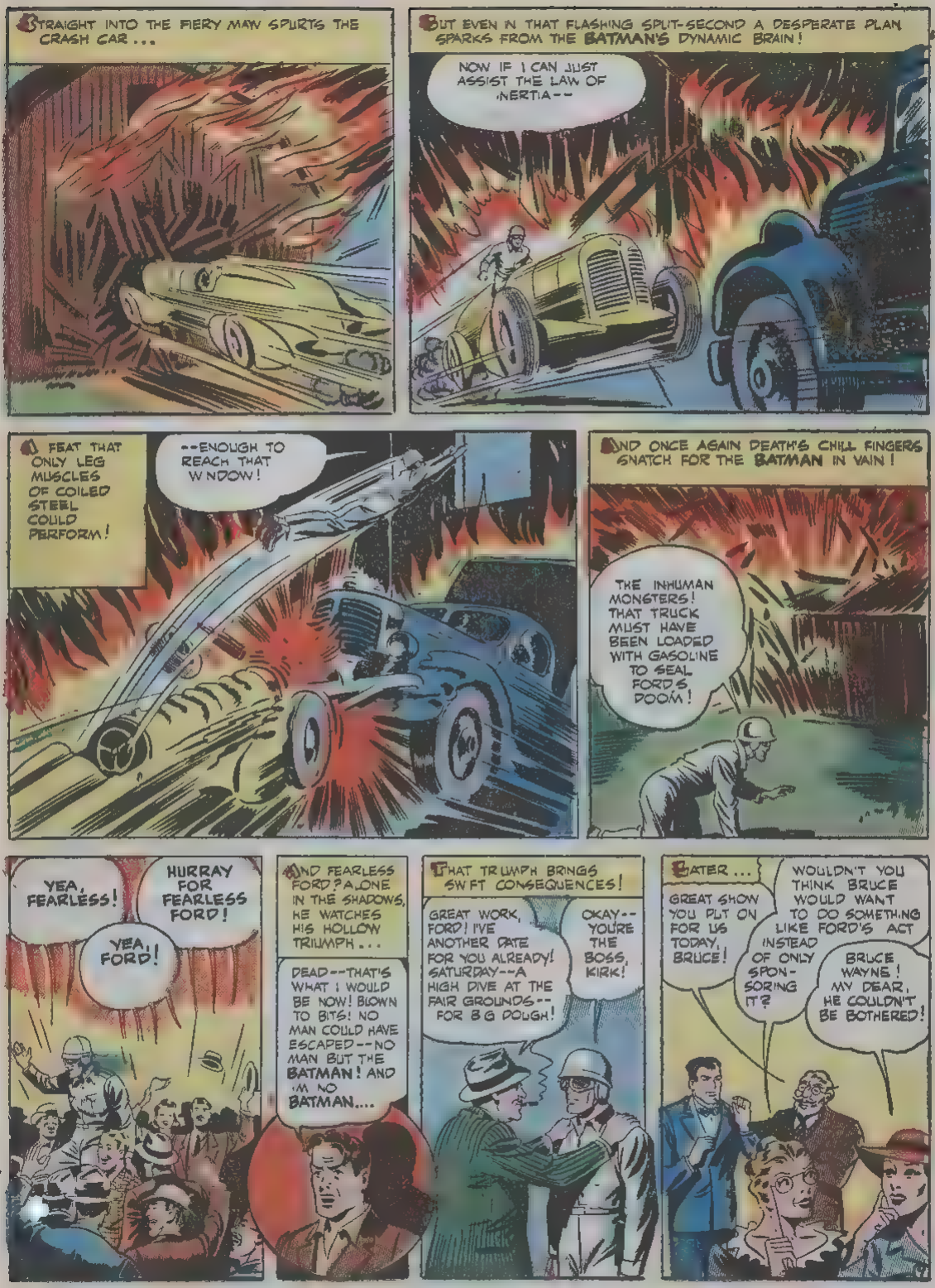

THIS DEVILISH GUN IS NO TOY! ALL THEY HAD TO DO WAS SHOOT ITS LOAD OF AMMONIA GAS IN MY FACE AND I'D PITCH DOWN TO THE STREET! EVERYONE WOULD CONSIDER IT ANOTHER ACCIDENTAL DEATH -- LIKE THESE....
OUT OF FORD'S POCKET COME THREE NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS....
MOVIE STUNT MAN TAKES LAST RIDE
DAREDEVIL DALY DIES IN PARACHUTE JUMP!
NOTED AERIAL CLOWN MAKES FATAL LEAP.
MOTOR MATT MEETS DEATH IN RACE!
THOSE WEREN'T ACCIDENTS, BATMAN. THEY WERE MURDERS! SOMEONE IS FORCING US STUNT MEN TO BUY PROTECTION. THOSE THREE WOULDN'T PAY -- SO THEY DIED! I'M NEXT!
BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU PAY -- RATHER THAN BE KILLED?
I CAN'T AFFORD TO PAY! I'M ONE OF THE FLYING FORDS. REMEMBER US? THERE WERE THREE OF US -- ME AND NAN AND YOUNG TOM. HE'S JUST ABOUT ROBIN'S AGE..
"LITTLE TOMMY WAS A GREAT PERFORMER, BUT WE DIDN'T LET HIM DO ANYTHING DANGEROUS -- JUST GOING UP WITH US AND TAKING EASY SWINGS."
"UNTIL THAT DAY WHEN MY GEAR BROKE. I WAS FALLING STRAIGHT FOR A BIG ANIMAL WAGON. TOM SAW WHAT WAS COMING AND DIVED AT THE ROPE."
I'VE GOT IT, DAD!
"THAT CHECKED ME SO THAT I MISSED THE WAGON -- BUT TOM LANDED IN THE ARENA IN A HEAP. HE CRUSHED HIS SPINE -- AND HE'S NEVER WALKED SINCE!"
TOMMY! OH, TOMMY! DARLING!
TOMMY NEEDS AN OPERATION THAT WILL COST THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS. THAT'S WHY I TAKE THESE DANGEROUS JOBS AND WHY I WON'T PAY THOSE CROOKS!
DON'T WORRY YOU WON'T NEED TO!
BUY

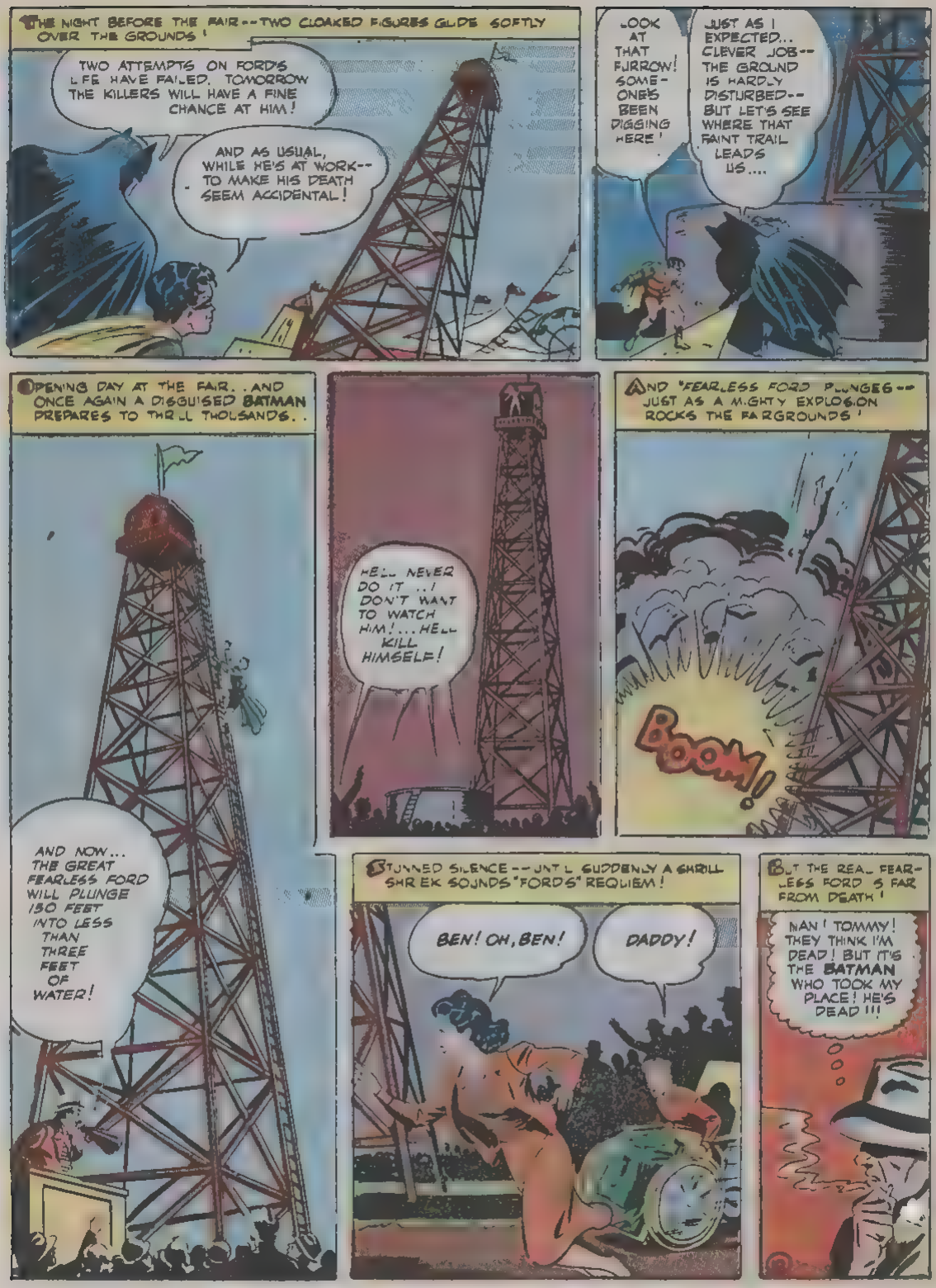

TWO NIGHTS LATER, THE HUGE GOTHAM GARDEN IS THRONGED WITH SPECTATORS BUT BACKSTAGE .
I DON'T GET THIS FORD'S ALL SET TO DO HIS ACT, SO WHY ARE WE HERE ?
JUST A HUNCH, ROBIN !
JUST A HUNCH -- BUT THE UNDERSTANDING BATMAN IS NOT SURPRISED AT WHAT THEY FIND !
COME ON -- SNAP OUT OF IT, FORD ! BE A MAN !
IT'S NO USE, BATMAN -- I CAN'T GO ON ! THEY'LL KILL ME OUT THERE ! JOE KIRK WILL HAVE TO GET SOMEONE ELSE ! I'LL -- I'LL KILL MYSELF !
BATMAN STEPS IN QUICKLY AS FORD SPRINGS TO HIS FEET AND CLIPS HIM ON THE JAW .
SORRY -- BUT I CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT .
POOR CHAP ! HE'S LOST HIS NERVE !
BUT THE SHOW MUST GO ON ! AND SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER
-- A STUPENDOUS SURPRISE ! DUE TO THE SUDDEN ILLNESS OF FEARLESS FORD, HIS PLACE IN THE DEATH-DEFYING STUNT WILL BE TAKEN BY -- THE BATMAN !
DRUMS ROLL AS THE BATMAN ROCKS HIS PERILOUS PERCH TO AND FRO, TEMPTING FATE !
ROAR, LIONS, ROAR ! MAN HAS INVADED YOUR DEN AND DEFIES YOU !
NOW'S THE TIME FOR THOSE KILLERS TO ATTACK !
FARTHER AND FARTHER OFF BALANCE WITH EACH HAZARDOUS TILT SEESAWS THE BATMAN !
BUT HOW ? AND FROM WHERE ?

HIGH UP INSIDE THE ARENA, THE BOY WONDER SUDDENLY GLIMPSES A KEY TO THE ANSWER!
SECTIONS 7-12
THAT FACE -- THAT'S THE GENT WHO GAVE ME THE AMMONIA BATH! BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!
HIGH UP TOWARD THE ROOF OF THE MAMMOTH AUDITORIUM THE PROWLER LEADS!
A CONTROL BOOTH! BUT YOU MUSTN'T GET OUT OF CONTROL, BROTHER!
TOO BAD YOU DON'T HAVE ANOTHER BARREL OF AMMONIA TO EMPTY IN MY FACE!
YOU WANT ANOTHER BARREL, EH? TAKE A LOOK DOWN BELOW, SMART GUY!
TOO LATE! THE TIGHT-DRAWN ROPE SPRINGS THE TRAP!
DOWN HURTLES THE FIENDISHLY TIMED MISSILE...
SO THAT'S THE GAME -- TAG WITH THE LIONS, AND I'M IT!
AND THE SAVAGE BEASTS CLOSE IN FOR THE KILL!
TOO BAD FRANK BUCK ISN'T HERE -- MAYBE HE COULD BRING ME BACK ALIVE OUT OF THIS!

THE BATMAN'S STILL ON HIS FEET! IF ONLY I CAN REACH HIM BEFORE HE GOES DOWN!
RAZOR SHARP CLAWS SLASH AT THE CRIME-FIGHTER, MISSING HIM BY AN EYELASH...
NOT THAT TIME, LEO! BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'RE TEACHING YOUR PALS BAD HABITS!
THE ODDS ARE GREAT! THE GIANT CATS CLOSE IN--WHEN SUDDENLY--
HERE, KITTY!
GOOD BOY!
THANKS FOR THE LIFT, PA--!
GOTTA DOUBLE UP THESE DAYS TO SAVE RUBBER!
LAST STOP!
THIS IS LOTS FARTHER THAN I EXPECTED TO COME, CONDUCTOR!
AND WHILE THOUSANDS CHEER THE DYNAMIC DUO, A SHAMEFACED FORD STARES MISERABLY!
TOMMY! THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN TOMMY! BUT IT WASN'T--AND IT CAN NEVER BE BECAUSE HIS FATHER'S A YELLOW COWARD!
THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
BUT HOW CAN WE HELP FORD IF HE REFUSES TO MAKE ANY MORE APPEARANCES?
I HAVE IT! IT'S TIME BRUCE WAYNE DID SOMETHING FOR CHARITY LISTEN...
NEXT...A VISIT TO JOE KIRK, FORD'S BOOKING AGENT.
I WANT TO HELP FORD ALONG I'LL PAY HIM $500 IF HE'LL APPEAR AT MY CHARITY BAZAAR!
$500! MISTER, THAT'S A PRICE FORD WON'T BE ABLE TO RESIST! HE'LL BE THERE!

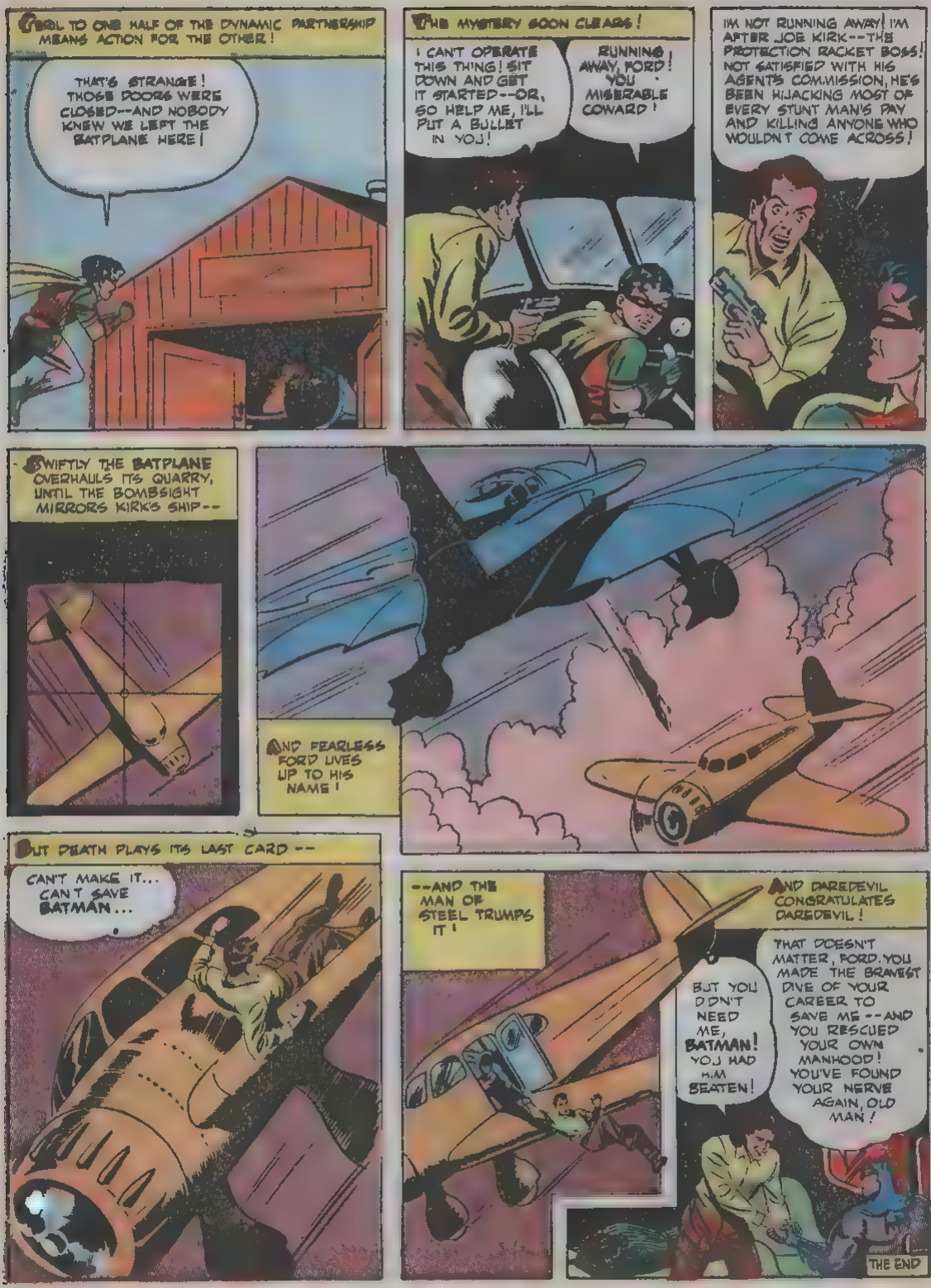
THE AFTERNOON OF THE GALA FETE AT BRUCE WAYNE'S ESTATE--AND BRUCE CALLS ON HIS STAR PERFORMER ....
READY, FORD? YOUR STUNTS ON NEXT!
NO, MR. WAYNE--I'VE CHANGED MY MIND! I THOUGHT I'D GET MY NERVE BACK--BUT I CAN'T! I'M AFRAID I'LL CRASH IF I DRIVE THAT CAR!
SORRY, MR. WAYNE ... BUT I'M ALL WASHED UP! I'LL NEVER HAVE THE NERVE TO STUNT AGAIN ... GOOD-BYE! ...
WELL, CAN'T DISAPPOINT THE CROWDS. BESIDES, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A BRISK LITTLE RIDE TO KEEP A FELLOW FIT! ... DON'T THINK ANYONE WILL BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE ME BEHIND THESE GOGGLES!
OUTSIDE, THE ANNOUNCER GOES INTO HIS SPIEL ....
AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THAT INTREPID DAREDEVIL, FEARLESS FORD, IN HIS SPECTACULAR LOOP-THE-LOOP INTO INFERNO! OKAY, FEARLESS!
"OKAY, FEARLESS!"--AND OFF ROCKETS THE BATMAN AT BULLET SPEED INTO THE HEART OF DANGER!
SPLIT SECONDS LATER, AT THE CREST OF THAT PERILOUS LOOP, BATMAN SPIES SUDDEN DEATH AHEAD.
A TRUCK! I CAN'T POSSIBLY MISS IT! SO I'M TO ROAST IN THAT BLAZING OVEN!
THE TRAP THAT WAITS--AN ABANDONED TRUCK!
TOO LATE TO SWERVE FROM FROM THAT DEATH-STUDDED COURSE--AND AHEAD LIES A HEAD-ON COLLISION OR FLAMING DOOM!


STRAIGHT INTO THE FIERY MAW SPURTS THE CRASH CAR . . .
BUT EVEN IN THAT FLASHING SPLIT-SECOND A DESPERATE PLAN SPARKS FROM THE BATMAN'S DYNAMIC BRAIN!
NOW IF I CAN JUST ASSIST THE LAW OF INERTIA--
A FEAT THAT ONLY LEG MUSCLES OF COILED STEEL COULD PERFORM!
--ENOUGH TO REACH THAT WINDOW!
AND ONCE AGAIN DEATH'S CHILL FINGERS SNATCH FOR THE BATMAN IN VAIN!
THE INHUMAN MONSTERS! THAT TRUCK MUST HAVE BEEN LOADED WITH GASOLINE TO SEAL FORD'S DOOM!
YEA, FEARLESS!
HURRAY FOR FEARLESS FORD!
YEA, FORD!
AND FEARLESS FORD? ALONE IN THE SHADOWS, HE WATCHES HIS HOLLOW TRIUMPH . . .
DEAD--THAT'S WHAT I WOULD BE NOW! BLOWN TO BITS! NO MAN COULD HAVE ESCAPED--NO MAN BUT THE BATMAN! AND I'M NO BATMAN....
THAT TRIUMPH BRINGS SWIFT CONSEQUENCES!
GREAT WORK, FORD! I'VE ANOTHER DATE FOR YOU ALREADY! SATURDAY--A HIGH DIVE AT THE FAIR GROUNDS--FOR BIG DOUGH!
OKAY--YOU'RE THE BOSS, KIRK!
LATER . . .
GREAT SHOW YOU PUT ON FOR US TODAY, BRUCE!
WOULDN'T YOU THINK BRUCE WOULD WANT TO DO SOMETHING LIKE FORD'S ACT INSTEAD OF ONLY SPONSORING IT?
BRUCE WAYNE! MY DEAR, HE COULDN'T BE BOTHERED!


THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FAIR--TWO CLOAKED FIGURES GLIDE SOFTLY OVER THE GROUNDS!
TWO ATTEMPTS ON FORD'S LIFE HAVE FAILED. TOMORROW THE KILLERS WILL HAVE A FINE CHANCE AT HIM!
AND AS USUAL, WHILE HE'S AT WORK--TO MAKE HIS DEATH SEEM ACCIDENTAL!
LOOK AT THAT FURROW! SOMEONE'S BEEN DIGGING HERE!
JUST AS I EXPECTED.. CLEVER JOB--THE GROUND IS HARDLY DISTURBED--BUT LET'S SEE WHERE THAT FAINT TRAIL LEADS US....
OPENING DAY AT THE FAIR..AND ONCE AGAIN A DISGUISED BATMAN PREPARES TO THRILL THOUSANDS..
AND NOW... THE GREAT FEARLESS FORD WILL PLUNGE 150 FEET INTO LESS THAN THREE FEET OF WATER!
HE'LL NEVER DO IT..! DON'T WANT TO WATCH HIM!...HE'LL KILL HIMSELF!
AND FEARLESS FORD PLUNGES--JUST AS A MIGHTY EXPLOSION ROCKS THE FAIRGROUNDS!
BOOM!
STUNNED SILENCE--UNTIL SUDDENLY A SHRILL SHRIEK SOUNDS FORD'S REQUIEM!
BEN! OH, BEN!
DADDY!
BUT THE REAL FEARLESS FORD IS FAR FROM DEATH!
MAN! TOMMY! THEY THINK I'M DEAD! BUT IT'S THE BATMAN WHO TOOK MY PLACE! HE'S DEAD!!!

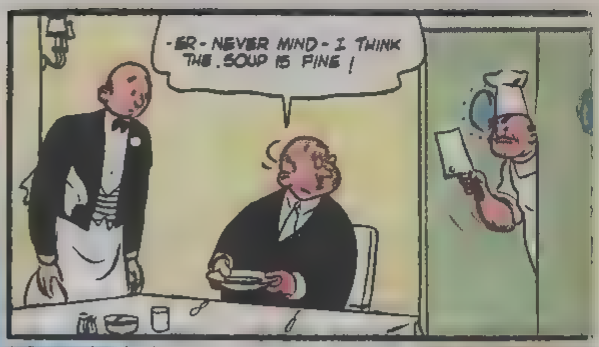
MEANWHILE, ON THE ALMOST DESERTED MIDWAY, THE ROAR OF THE EXPLOSION CATAPULTS ROBIN INTO STRANGE ACTION...
COME ON, FOLKS-- KNOCK 'EM DOWN!
WIN A PRIZE!
GLAD TO OBLIGE!
TRY YOUR SKILL
BALLS 10¢
NO FAIR PRACTISING ON THE CUSTOMERS!
THE CURTAIN AT THE REAR OF THE BOOTH IS ROBIN'S GOAL-THE END OF THE FAINT DIGGING TRAIL FROM THE DIVING TANK!
TWO DOWN-- AND THE PRIZE OUGHT TO BE BACK HERE -- KILLER KIRK!
WAITING FOR YOU, YOUNGSTER! GOT YOUR BOTTLES ALL READY!
OUT ON THE FIELD, THE BOMB CRATER YIELDS AN AMAZING SURPRISE!
THAT'S NO BODY-- IT'S A DUMMY!
JUST A MECHANICAL CONTRAPTION, BUT IT FOOLED ME!
AND FROM THE TOWER OVERHEAD SUDDENLY SPRINGS THE BATMAN!
LOOK OUT!
THAT'S THE BATMAN!
GET HIM, ROBIN!
TO AIR RIDES
BUT JOE KIRK HAS REACHED HIS GOAL!
I'M TAKING THIS BUS-- AND I TRAVEL ALONE!
BETTER TEACH THAT BRAT SOME MANNERS, BATMAN! I AIN'T GOT TIME!

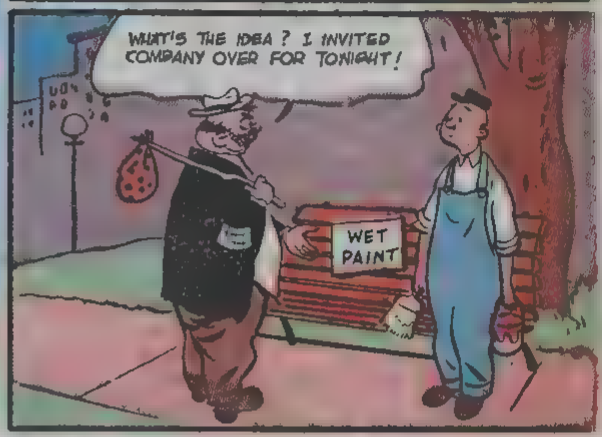
GONE! WE'LL NEVER GET HIM NOW!
THE MARS ROCKET! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
THE ROCKET TO MARS, THE DARING "HUMAN CANNONBALL" STUNT THAT IS THE YEARS SENSATIONAL THRILLER!
WHAT ABOUT THE SHOCK-SUIT AND THE PARACHUTE? YOU CAN'T RISK IT WITHOUT THEM!
NO TIME FOR THAT, ROBIN! SEND ME UP!
LEVER IS PULLED.. FLAME AND SPARKS GUSH FROM THE ROCKET TUBES... AND THEN...
YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE IT, BATMAN! YOU'VE GOT TO!
TNY HUMAN BULLET STREAKS THROUGH THE VAST EXPANSE OF SKY!
SO THIS IS HOW THE BULLET FEELS WHEN IT HITS THE BULLS-EYE!
YOU'RE HAVING COMPANY, KIRK! OPEN UP!
SKY-HIGH IN THE CLOUDS THE GRIM BATTLE RAGES...
YOU'RE NOT TAKING ME, BATMAN!
WANT TO BET ON THAT?
AND THE UNGUIDED PLANE DANCES A MAD RIGADOON!


PERIL TO ONE HALF OF THE DYNAMIC PARTNERSHIP MEANS ACTION FOR THE OTHER!
THAT'S STRANGE! THOSE DOORS WERE CLOSED--AND NOBODY KNEW WE LEFT THE BATPLANE HERE!
THE MYSTERY SOON CLEARS!
I CAN'T OPERATE THIS THING! SIT DOWN AND GET IT STARTED--OR, SO HELP ME, I'LL PUT A BULLET IN YOU!
RUNNING AWAY, FORD! YOU MISERABLE COWARD!
I'M NOT RUNNING AWAY! I'M AFTER JOE KIRK--THE PROTECTION RACKET BOSS! NOT SATISFIED WITH HIS AGENTS COMMISSION, HE'S BEEN HIJACKING MOST OF EVERY STUNT MAN'S PAY AND KILLING ANYONE WHO WOULDN'T COME ACROSS!
SWIFTLY THE BATPLANE OVERHAULS ITS QUARRY, UNTIL THE BOMBSIGHT MIRRORS KIRK'S SHIP--
AND FEARLESS FORD LIVES UP TO HIS NAME!
BUT DEATH PLAYS ITS LAST CARD --
CAN'T MAKE IT... CAN'T SAVE BATMAN...
--AND THE MAN OF STEEL TRUMPS IT!
AND DAREDEVIL CONGRATULATES DAREDEVIL!
BUT YOU DON'T NEED ME, BATMAN! YOU HAD HIM BEATEN!
THAT DOESN'T MATTER, FORD. YOU MADE THE BRAVEST DIVE OF YOUR CAREER TO SAVE ME--AND YOU RESCUED YOUR OWN MANHOOD! YOU'VE FOUND YOUR NERVE AGAIN, OLD MAN!
THE END

GAGS

HENRY BOLTINOFF





HONEST INJUN!

UGH! IS MUCH TRUE THAT SUPER-BIG 96-PAGE *WORLD'S FINEST COMICS* IS WORLD'S FINEST BUY! HAS IN IT *SUPERMAN* AND *BATMAN* BOTH --AND MUCH OTHERS! CATCHUM ALSO ALL STORIES *BRAND-NEW* --NO CHEATUM PUBLIC WITH REPRINTS!

NOW ON SALE!

MURDER RAP

by Sam Case

ED SWAIN sauntered through the busy city room, with its clicking typewriters and chattering teletype machines providing noisy accompaniment. Copy boys scurried about the room, snatching stories handed them by reporters and rewrite men. There was an air of a big story breaking and it is a feeling only a newspaperman can fully appreciate. But part of it communicated itself to Ed Swain because, as crack detective on the Homicide Squad, his work brought him in contact with reporters.

And especially one reporter. Female.

Her name was Jane Winters and she was star sob sister on the *Blade*.

Lately, Swain had taken to worrying about Jane. He had never figured she'd turn out to be a swell crime reporter. But within twelve weeks, she had been turning out sensational stuff on the underworld, breaking stories even the stoolies couldn't bring in. And now here she was mixed up with Fats Martin, against whom a murder rap was pending.

Swain scowled, thinking of this. The indictment had been handed down today. Already, Fats was out on bail. Serenely, he had called the press into the sumptuous realty office he maintained—actually the police knew it to be a bookmaking establishment—and promised a breath-taking revelation at the time of his trial.

"I'm being persecuted," he had said. "I'm just an honest business man. But the Mayor of this town is out to get me. I'm just waiting to get on that stand. You boys tell your readers that."

And the papers were doing it. Worried, wondering what ace Fats might have, the Mayor had called the Commissioner, who had in turn called the Chief Inspector and down the line it went until the order was dropped on Ed Swain's desk. "Find out what Fats intends to do."

Morosely, Swain looked at the headline on the freshly-printed paper dropped hurriedly on Jane's desk by a copy boy. MARTIN PROMISES SURPRISE!

"So!" Swain dropped the paper as he heard Jane's voice. Poised, her face flushed, she stood there, her eyes dancing. "Don't tell me," she said, "that the police department is getting its information from the *Blade* now?"

She smiled. "It's tough enough when its crack detective decides maybe he'd better learn something about being a fireman, just in case."

Swain flushed. He didn't mind being kidded about the off-time he spent with the Auxiliary Fire Corps. He had thought it a good idea, in war time, to learn something about fighting fires. Never know when it would come in handy. But Jane didn't have to keep rubbing it in.

"Well, maybe I did come up for some information. What's Martin going to spring? It's got to be good because the Grand Jury is rushing the trial for next week. Something tells me the good citizens in this town are pretty tired of his murdering."

"Now, now," Jane jested. "You, as a police officer, should know you oughtn't to accuse a man without evidence."

"That job was evidence enough for me," Swain growled. "Only his mob kills a guy the way we found the victim." He paused, looked at Jane. "Hey, where you going in such a hurry? I thought maybe you'd have dinner with me?"

"Sorry," Jane applied the final touch of lipstick. "But I'm combining business with social life. Tonight, I'm dining with Fats at the Blue Penguin." She waved a parting hand at Ed Swain. "See you later."

"Yeah," Swain muttered. "And you will. I'll be at the Blue Penguin, too. I'd love to sock that guy. I just wish they'd give him to me. He'd talk."

But it isn't done that way. Not always. Nor can a guy make promises to himself and keep them all. You see, Ed Swain had forgotten that on this evening, he was to put in two hours at the Auxiliary Fireman school and learn about riding a fire truck. One hour was all he could spare, conscientiously, and he gave it. He was really feeling sorry about losing a ride on the truck when he left the course to hurry to the Blue Penguin.

The night club, privately owned by Martin, was doing a brisk business. Swain glowered as he saw Jane, her arm hooked in Fats' pudgy arm, leave the dance floor. They were heading toward a large, flower-banked table, where some of Fats' friends were being feted. Jane, catching Swain's eye, waved to him, then said something to Fats. The mobster's boisterous laugh resounded through the club.

He was still laughing when Swain came over. Whatever he had heard from Jane, had been told the rest of the table. They, too, were roaring. Martin wiped his fat face. "Ho—ho," he roared, pointing at Swain. "Here comes the fireman!"

He said: "I don't think that's so funny. But maybe you can dress it up for your paper. These guests would make a fine society column." His eyes darted swiftly about the table. There wasn't a man there who hadn't done time.

"Hey, wait a minute." Fats' voice welled up and his slitted eyes bored into Swain. "Never mind the cracks, copper. Nobody invited you." His huge arm went affectionately behind Jane's chair, and Swain writhed. "I got friends on papers," Fats said. "And believe me, you can

tell your pal, the Mayor, that tomorrow the people of this town can start laughing at him, instead of waiting for the trial." His thick lips worked into a smile of a thousand creases of corpulence. "This little lady has persuaded me to let her print my alibi!"

"Your alibi?" Swain echoed weakly. So that was what Fats had been holding up his sleeve! Swain felt disgusted. The Mayor should have figured that out himself. Swain could feel Fats slipping through the law's fingers. Of course the gangster would have a perfect alibi as usual.

"I should have expected it," Swain said, contemptuously "You were just shooting off, looking for publicity. And the Mayor fell for it." He turned, intending to leave, but bumped into a small, nervous individual who was approaching the table.

It was Maxie Hart, Fats' lawyer. "Hello, Swain!" Maxie said. "Not making a pinch, are you?"

"Not him!" Fats guffawed. "I was just going to tell him that at 9:10, when that murdered man died—just like it said in the papers—Fats Martin was arguing with a fire truck that hit his car." His beady eyes glinted. "Yeah, Swain," Fats jeered. "I was in the neighborhood, okay. But it so happens that my chauffeur hears the fire engine siren and gets flustered. The engine hits my car and goes on. But the cop on the beat makes a note of the time. And I got my dented car, as well as the cop's word, to prove where I was!" He guffawed again, enjoying Swain's consternation. "So I think maybe I'll let this reporter, here, put the heat on the Mayor and you lugs tomorrow."

Swain was still thinking of this when he went outside. He knew Maxie's flare for the sensational, and now Fats had tipped off the lawyer's grandstand play. Swain sighed. There was nothing to do now but check on Fats' alibi, and tell the Commissioner.

At the firehouse, there was a record of the collision. It had taken place only a few blocks from where the murdered man had been found. The fireman had been called out on a false alarm. Wearily, Swain closed the report, showing the accident at 9:10 P. M. Martin was in the clear.

The night captain looked up from his desk. "What's up, Swain?"

The detective told him. "Yeah," the captain nodded. "I remember. I was right behind the hook and ladder when it hit the car. The truck wasn't going fast and the bell was ringing loud enough, I don't know how it happened to hit."

"The bell!" Swain said. "Did you say the bell was ringing?"

"Sure?" The captain's eyes mocked Swain's. "Say, weren't you paying attention to the lecture tonight? What did we tell you about fire apparatus and the noises they make when going to and from fires?"

Swain snapped his fingers. "Brother," he said, "you don't have to tell me. I've got this memorized forever." He rushed out of the firehouse.

Fats wasn't at the Blue Penguin. No one knew where he had gone. Outside, he stood indecisively plotting his next move. The doorman, who had abandoned his post to call a cab, walked back. There was a newsie with him.

"Know where Fats went?" Swain asked the doorman.

The man grinned. "Now how would I know?" he asked. "Oh, pardon me." He rushed to open the door for a party.

"I saw Fats getting into a cab with a girl and a little guy," a voice said. "The little guy said something about going to his apartment." It was the newsie, an ex-pug.

Fifteen minutes later, he pressed the buzzer on Hart's door. The lawyer occupied a suite in a fashionable apartment house. Swain, leaning against the door, thought he heard the sounds of scuffling. But a moment later, Hart's surprised face appeared. "Swain! What—what do you want? I'm busy."

"So am I." Swain pushed him into the room. "I'm looking for Fats Martin. There's—"

Suddenly, a woman's scream sounded in the dim lit room. Swain went for his gun as he saw a flash of white shirt front detach itself from the shadows. A bullet whistled by him as he heard Hart's frightened cry. "Fats—no!"

Fats' heavy body struck the floor after the impact of Swain's bullet. "Get those lights on, Hart. Fast!" Swain grated. His eyes widened as the room filled with light. Jane Winters, her face white, was rising from the floor, where Fats lay groaning, clutching his shoulder.

Jane ran to Swain. "Oh, Ed," she cried. "They were going to hold me until the trial to keep me from writing the story. Hart and Fats had a fight about it."

Swain glared at her as he picked up Fats' gun. "I told you to keep out of this kind of business," he said savagely. He motioned to Hart. "Call a doctor," he said. "I'm taking you and Fats in."

Hart had recovered his bravado. "You can't intimidate me, Swain," he said. "Until action is taken, Fats is still my client. And my office will see that he gets off. His alibi is perfect."

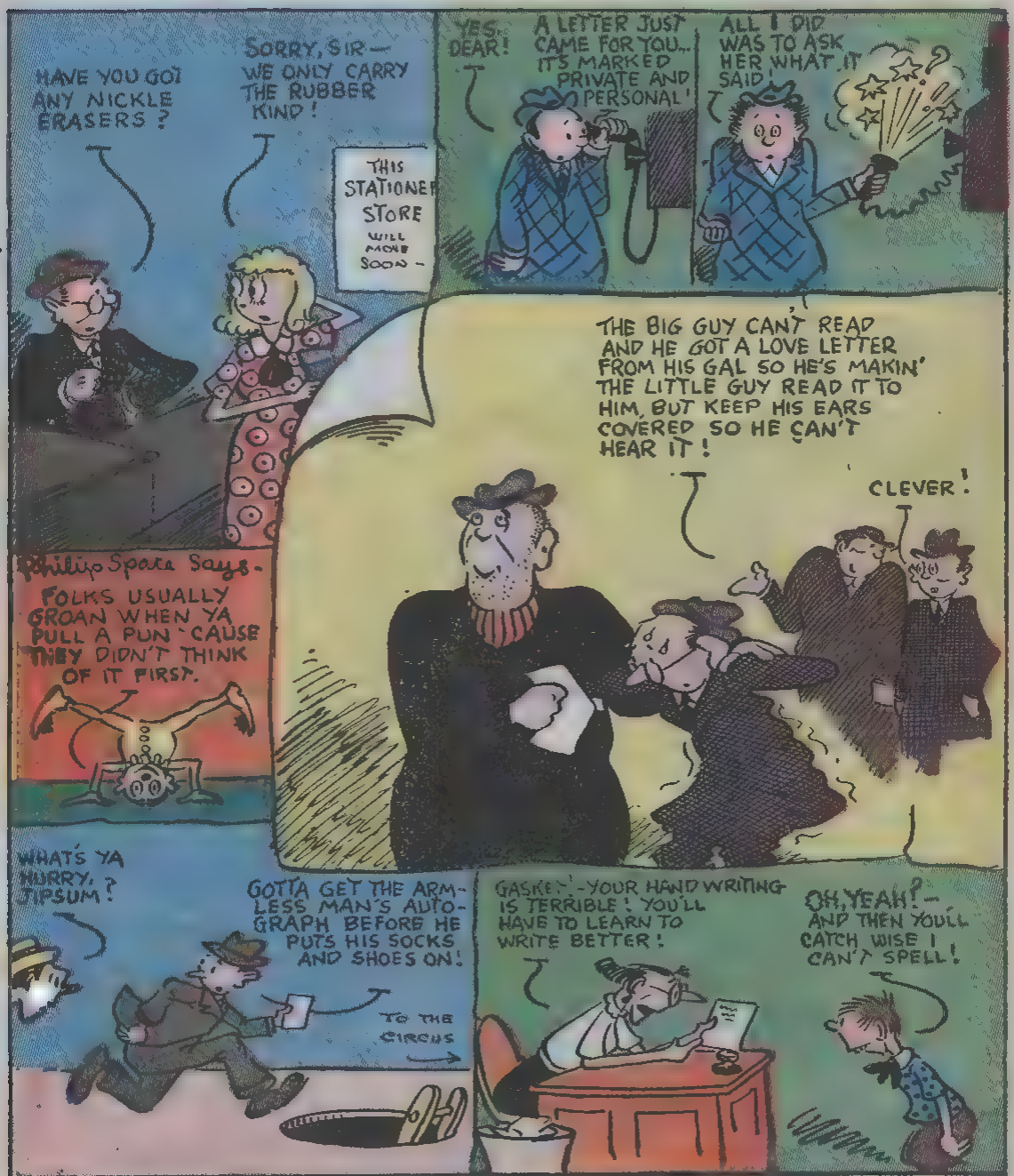
Swain wet his lips. "Sure, sure," he said. "And we're going to let Fats tell his story." He grinned at Fats, who was staring at him. "It wasn't a bad alibi, Fats," he said. "Of course, just because the papers said the man was murdered at 9:10 doesn't mean the time was exact. It was approximately that. Might have been five, even ten minutes, one way or another. But you were pretty safe in figuring you could make contact with the fire engines that had responded to your false alarm. Sure enough, you hit the truck at 9:10.

"Sure," Swain said. "But you said you heard the siren! Remember? But you didn't know, Fats, that a fire truck only sounds a siren *going* to a fire? You hit the truck, coming back—*and they always ring only the bells on a return trip!*"

BUSY BILL the BILL COLLECTOR
PAYMENTS?..BAH! I'VE GIVEN THAT SET THREE YEAR'S TRIAL AND THERE'S STILL TOO MUCH STATIC!!
TOODY-ONE TOODY-ONE TOODY-ONE..
PICK ME UP, PUDGE--- THE NEXT ACCOUNT WILL BE A CINCH!!
WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE OF THE NEXT ONE?--- IS HE A ?? RELATIVE?
AND NOW- A WORD WITH OUR SPONSOR-
THE LAW OF AVERAGES IS ON MY SIDE--THE BOOK OF INSTRUCTION SAYS THAT ONE MAN IN TWENTY IS HONEST--- AND I'VE ALREADY BEEN KICKED OUT OF NINETEEN PLACES TODAY!!
HERE WE ARE! WHAT DID THIS PROSPECT SIGN UP FOR??
HE BOUGHT A PRINTING PRESS ON TIME IN 1936 AND SO FAR HASN'T MADE ANY PAYMENTS!!
I'M SORRY. MUST HAVE OVERLOOKED THE MATTER--I'LL MAKE A PAYMENT NOW-- HAVE YOU CHANGE FOR A FIVE?
LEND ME A COUPLE OF BUCKS, PUDGE?
SURE!
DRUGS SODA
NICE GOING! I KNEW YOU HAD IT IN YOU, BILL!
NOW WE CAN EAT!!

FOUR PASTRAMI SANDWICHES--- - SIX DOUBLE SCOOP MALTEDS-- THAT WILL BE ONE-SEVENTY!
SLIP HIM THE CHECK!
HMM-MM THIS BANK NOTE IS A PHONY!!
ANYHOW WE ATE!
OUT YOU GO!
AND WE GAVE HIM CHANGE IN REAL DOUGH!!
WE'LL GO RIGHT BACK AND GET OUR MONEY!
S'NO USE! NO ANSWER!! ---LET'S TRY THE BACK DOOR!!
SOUNDS LIKE SOME-ONE IS WORKING IN THE CELLAR!!
CLANK! CLANK!!
SEE HERE!! --YOU SLIPPED US A SOUR BANK NOTE, AND YOU'D BETTER MAKE GOOD, OR...
I'M SORRY!
THAT MUST HAVE BEEN A SECOND--- --TRY A FRESH ONE!!

FUNNYBONERS


HAVE YOU GOT ANY NICKLE ERASERS ?
SORRY, SIR — WE ONLY CARRY THE RUBBER KIND !
THIS STATIONERY STORE WILL MOVE SOON —
YES, DEAR!
A LETTER JUST CAME FOR YOU... IT'S MARKED PRIVATE AND PERSONAL!
ALL I DID WAS TO ASK HER WHAT IT SAID!
THE BIG GUY CAN'T READ AND HE GOT A LOVE LETTER FROM HIS GAL SO HE'S MAKIN' THE LITTLE GUY READ IT TO HIM, BUT KEEP HIS ARMS COVERED SO HE CAN'T HEAR IT!
CLEVER!
Philip Spare Says -
FOLKS USUALLY GROAN WHEN YA PULL A PUN 'CAUSE THEY DIDN'T THINK OF IT FIRST.
WHAT'S YA HURRY, TIPSUM?
GOTTA GET THE ARMLESS MAN'S AUTOGRAPH BEFORE HE PUTS HIS SOCKS AND SHOES ON!
TO THE CIRCUS
GASKET - YOUR HAND WRITING IS TERRIBLE! YOU'LL HAVE TO LEARN TO WRITE BETTER!
OH, YEAH? — AND THEN YOU'LL CATCH WISE I CAN'T SPELL!

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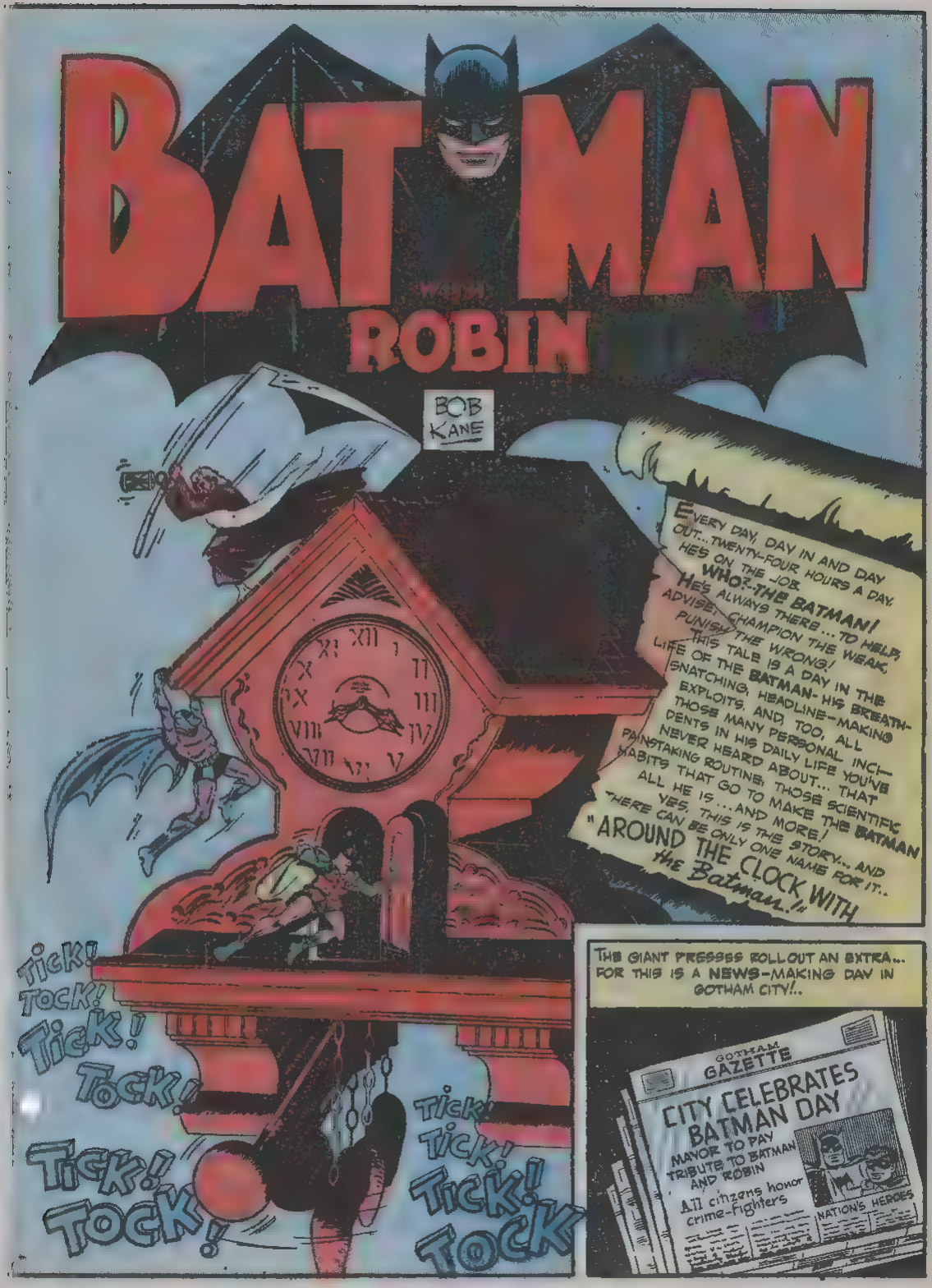

BATMAN
ROBIN
BOB KANE
EVERY DAY, DAY IN AND DAY OUT... TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY, HE'S ON THE JOB.
WHO?--THE BATMAN! HE'S ALWAYS THERE... TO HELP, ADVISE, CHAMPION THE WEAK, PUNISH THE WRONG!
THIS TALE IS A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE BATMAN- HIS BREATH-SNATCHING, HEADLINE-MAKING EXPLOITS, AND TOO, ALL THOSE MANY PERSONAL INCI-DENTS IN HIS DAILY LIFE YOU'VE NEVER HEARD ABOUT... THAT PAINSTAKING ROUTINE, THOSE SCIENTIFIC HABITS THAT GO TO MAKE THE BATMAN ALL HE IS... AND MORE!
YES, THIS IS THE STORY... AND "THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE NAME FOR IT.. "AROUND THE CLOCK WITH the Batman.!"
TICK! TOCK! TICK! TOCK! TICK! TOCK!
TICK! TICK! TICK! TOCK!
THE GIANT PRESSES ROLL OUT AN EXTRA... FOR THIS IS A NEWS-MAKING DAY IN GOTHAM CITY!..
GOTHAM GAZETTE
CITY CELEBRATES BATMAN DAY
MAYOR TO PAY TRIBUTE TO BATMAN AND ROBIN
All citizens honor crime-fighters
NATION'S HEROES

CHEERS AND CONFETTI ARE SHOWERED ON THE CITY'S CHAMPIONS!
WELCOME
HOORAY FOR BATMAN AND ROBIN!
YEA! YEA!
A MONUMENT TO THEIR CEASELESS CRIME CRUSADE IS UNVEILED!
THE BATMAN AND ROBIN... FOREVER IN STONE... AND IN OUR HEARTS!
THE CROWD LISTENS AND ALMOST DISBELIEF TO THE LONG LIST OF AMAZING FACTS! A BANKER...
AT THE CITY HALL, THE MAYOR LAUDS THEIR MAN-HUNTING ACHIEVEMENTS.
NEVER IN HISTORY HAS THERE BEEN SUCH A RECORD AS THIS... 120 ARRESTS... 118 CONVICTIONS... 70 CONFESSIONS..
...ENCOUNTERED AND DEFEATED THE JOKER SIX TIMES. THE PENGUIN, ETC. ETC...
I THOUGHT I WAS BUSY WITH MY BANK AND STOCKS, BUT THIS BEATS ME!
A HOUSEWIFE...
AND I COMPLAIN ABOUT PREPARING MEALS, CLEANING HOUSE, IRONING, GETTING JOHNNY OFF TO SCHOOL!
AND A CROOK...
THE WAY THAT GUY GETS AROUND TO SHOVE US GUYS IN THE CLINK, HE MUST BE QUADRUPLETS!
EVEN THAT HUSTLING, BUSTLING LITTLE DYNAMO OF ENERGY, THE MAYOR, IS ASTOUNDED!
...JAILED THE SCARECROW... ETC....
WHAT A LIST! I'M GOTHAM CITY'S BUSIEST MAN... RUNNING TO FIRES... BUT IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE THAT A MAN AND A MERE BOY CAN DO AS MUCH AS THEY DO EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK!
IMPOSSIBLE? MAYBE... BUT LET'S SEE! LET'S TAKE A DAY, ANY DAY... AND SPEND IT WITH THE BATMAN AND SEE HOW IT IS POSSIBLE!
MAY
MAY
DAY

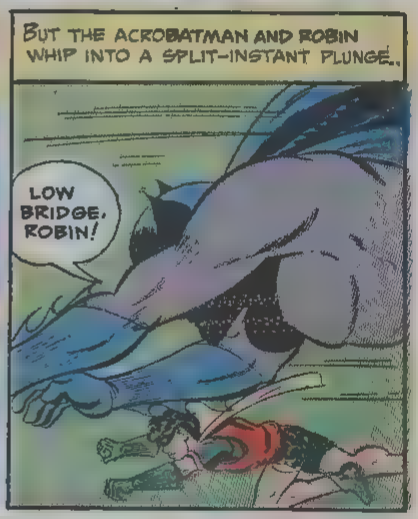
C'MON, KID! IT'S REVEILLE! SHAKE THE DUST OUT OF YOUR EYES!
BZZ... YEAH... SURE... BZZ...
AND SO THE DAY BEGINS!
A BRISK WORKOUT IN THE GYM ALWAYS STARTS THE MORNING RIGHT!
EVERY TIME I HIT THIS, I KEEP THINKING IT SHOULD BE THE JOKER'S FACE!
THEN... A GOOD HEARTY BREAKFAST!
NOW I FEEL READY FOR ANYTHING! WHAT'S FIRST ON THE PROGRAM?
I WANT TO TEST THAT NEW WING PLACEMENT ON THE BATPLANE!
INTO THE AIR AS THE BATPLANE SPINS, TURNS, POWER-DIVES IN A GRUELING TEST THAT SOME DAY MAY SAVE THEIR LIVES!
THEN... BACK TO THE LABORATORY... FOR ANOTHER TYPE OF TEST...
FINE! THIS TEST SHOWS SHAVINGS OF IRON METAL WERE IN "TRIGGER" MARONI'S POCKET!
THAT PROVES HIS GUILT! I'LL NOTIFY COMMISSIONER GORDON!
NEXT, DICK DRILLS BRUCE IN IDENTIFYING WANTED CRIMINALS .. A DAILY ROUTINE THAT PRODUCES HIS AMAZING PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY!
"TRIGGER" DALY? NOW DON'T TELL ME... EYES SMALL, SHIFTY... NOSE FLAT... THIN LIPS... SCAR ON LEFT TEMPLE!
RIGHT!
OUT AGAIN, IN COSTUME... TO BUY AND HELP SELL WAR SAVINGS BONDS.
BONDS
C'MON, FELLOW AMERICANS... EVERY BOND YOU BUY BLUNTS THE AX OF THE AXIS!
GIVE ME A HUNDRED DOLLARS' WORTH!
BUY A BOND AND BEAT THE BUND!

HOME AGAIN... AND HOMEWORK...
OKAY. ROBIN.. DO YOUR LESSONS AND SOME DAY YOU MAY BE PRESIDENT!
YOU'RE GOING TO WORK ON YOUR BOOK AGAIN, EH? WHAT'S THE TITLE?
"OBSERVATIONS ON CRIME"!.. A FILE OF MY CASES WITH NOTES ON THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF CRIME!
AND THE PROCEEDS GO TO THE RED CROSS, EH? SWELL! BUT WHY THE WORRIED LOOK?
I'M STUCK! I CAN'T GET AN IDEA FOR THE LAST CHAPTER .. AND THE PUBLISHER'S DEADLINE IS MONDAY! IF I COULD ONLY THINK OF SOMETHING!
NOT A GLIMMER! WHAT I NEED IS A CASE TO WRITE ABOUT. MAYBE COMMISSIONER GORDON HAS ONE FOR ME. COMING, ROBIN?
MINUTES LATER, AN EERIE CRAFT STREAKS FROM A SECRET HANGAR INTO THE AFTERNOON SKY... THE BATPLANE!
SAY. MAYBE YOU WON'T HAVE TO GO TO GOTHAM CITY FOR THAT CASE!
WHY NOT, ROBIN?
BECAUSE THERE'S A ROBBERY GOING ON DOWN THERE!
JEWELRY

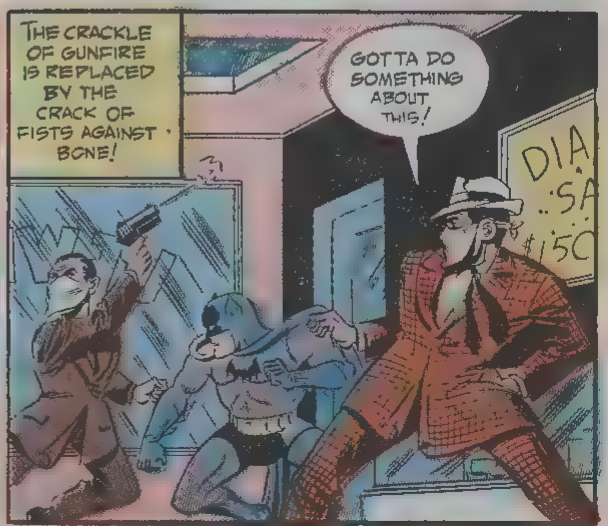
DOWN SWOOPS THE BATPLANE TO HOVER MOTIONLESS ABOVE THE BUILDING!
I'VE SWITCHED ON THE STABILIZERS, SO LET'S GO GET 'EM!

THROUGH THE JEWELRY STORE SKYLIGHT CRASH THE TWIN CRIME-CRACKERS!
THE BOSS'LL GIVE A BONUS TO THE GUY THAT PLUGS 'EM!
T-THE BATMAN AND ROBIN!

EAGER FINGERS TUG AT TRIGGERS... AND FOUR GUNS BELCH FLAME AND LEAD...


BUT THE ACROBATMAN AND ROBIN WHIP INTO A SPLIT-INSTANT PLUNGE..
LOW BRIDGE, ROBIN!

...AND SLAM INTO THE MASSED THUGS!


THE CRACKLE OF GUNFIRE IS REPLACED BY THE CRACK OF FISTS AGAINST BONE!
GOTTA DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS!

A SUDDEN PLOP AND... TEAR GAS...
COUGH! COUGH!
C'MON, LET'S GET THESE ROCKS TO THE BOSS!
COUGH!
HAW! TEAR GAS CAN'T HURT US... WITH THESE CHEMICALLY TREATED HANDKERCHIEFS ON!
(COUGH) ROBIN... QUICK... (COUGH)... TO THE BATPLANE!
LIKE A GIANT BIRD, THE WINGED SHAPE PURSUES ITS HUMAN PREY!
WELL, WHY DON'T WE GO DOWN AND STOP THEIR GETAWAY TRUCK?
NOT YET! I WANT THEM TO LEAD US TO THEIR BOSS... SO WE'LL FOLLOW THEM... OUR OWN WAY!
MOTOR ROARING, THE BATPLANE POWER-DIVES AT THE BANDIT TRUCK!
OKAY, ROBIN, LET'S DIVE-BOMB 'EM!
R-R-R-

AND...MIRACLE OF SCIENCE.. SEEN THRU THE INFRA-RED LENSES, THE CHEMICALLY TREATED LIQUID GROWS WEIRDLY!
PRETTY EASY TO TRAIL THEM NOW WITHOUT THE BANDITS' KNOWLEDGE!
SOME TIME LATER, THE TRAIL ENDS AT AN OUTDOOR SCULPTURE SHOW!
THAT'S THE TRUCK! THEY PROBABLY STUCK A SIGN ON IT ON THE WAY! CALL THE POLICE ON OUR RADIO, ROBIN!
SCULPTURE EXHIBIT
ART SUPPLIES
FOUR INDIGNANT MEN ARE TAKEN INTO CUSTODY!
NOTHING IN THE TRUCK BUT ART SUPPLIES, SARGE!
SURE! THAT'S OUR BUSINESS... A LEGITIMATE ONE! WE'RE NOT ROBBERS!
THIS IS MR. HODGE, THE ART CONNOISSEUR HE SAYS THESE MEN ARE OKAY!
YES, WE BUY MATERIALS FROM THEM BECAUSE THEIR PRICES ARE LOW!
IF THE JEWELS AREN'T IN THE TRUCK, THEY MUST BE IN THE SCULPTURE EXHIBIT!
SOME TIME LATER... AN OLD COUPLE JOINS THE SCULPTURE SHOW'S SPECTATORS!
MY, HOW GIGANTIC! TELL ME, SIR, WHY DID YOU MAKE THOSE EYES SO LARGE AND SO DEEP?
THIS PIECE REPRESENTS AN INDIAN HYPNOTIST, AND IT SYMBOLIZES HIS DEEP HYPNOTIC EYES!
EVERYONE HERE SEEMS TO BE A GENUINELY FINE SCULPTOR...TO JUDGE BY THESE PIECES!
NOTHING PHONEY ABOUT THEM! MAYBE THIS ISN'T THE JEWEL CACHE AFTER ALL!
YES...THESE TWO ARE NONE OTHER THAN BATMAN AND ROBIN IN DISGUISE!
WHAT'S UP?
WHEN I STOOD HERE A MINUTE AGO, IT SEEMED AS IF THE EYES IN THAT STATUE LOOKED ALIVE! THERE! SEE IT!
THE BATMAN WATCHES WITH AWE... FOR THE DEEP EYES OF THE TITANIC STATUE BLAZE... WITH AN UNEARTHLY HYPNOTIC LIGHT!
7

Abruptly... DISGUISES ARE DISCARDED.. AND THE DYNAMIC DUO SPRINGS FORWARD...
B-BATMAN AND R-ROBIN!
YES...WE'VE COME BACK FOR THE JEWELS!
YOU... YOU'LL NEVER GET THEM!
WHAT'LL YOU BET?
SUDDENLY LEAD WHINES, SMACKS INTO STONE, AND SENDS THE CHIPS BITING INTO THE DUO'S FACES!
I HAD A HUNCH WE SHOULDA COME BACK! TWO OF YOU GUYS CLIMB UP THE LADDER AND BLAST THE BATMAN OFF THERE!
EVEN AS THE BANDITS SCRAMBLE UP LADDERS, THE BATMAN DIVES FROM HIS PERCH...
... AND SLAMS INTO A TRIGGER-MAD THUG!
KEEP 'EM FLYING!
WHILE YOUNG ROBIN TRIES TO KEEP CRIME FROM THE WORLD!
YOU'RE ONE GUY WHO HAS NO PLACE ON HERE!

THEN...THE WAIL OF A POLICE SIREN!
WHEEEEEEEE
COPS! THIS IS NO PLACE FER US! C'MON, LET'S BEAT IT!
BUT ALREADY ROBIN RIDES A SCAFFOLD LADDER THAT ARCS DOWN...
...AND SNARES THE HOODLUMS WHILE HE BREAKS HIS FALL WITH AN OLD CIRCUS STUNT!
THE POLICE TAKE OVER...
OUR SCULPTOR FRIEND WAS USING THIS SHOW AS A HIDEOUT FOR STOLEN GEMS. HIS MEN POSED AS ART SUPPLY DEALERS!
BUT WHERE ARE THE GEMS?
HIGH ATOP A SCAFFOLD, THE BATMAN REACHES INTO THE STONE INDIAN'S EYES, AND...
THE JEWELS!
WHEN I SAW THE STATUE'S EYES BLAZE WITH LIGHT, I REALIZED THEN THAT ONLY JEWELS HIDDEN IN THE EYES COULD CAUSE THAT SPARKLE.. WHEN THEY WERE STRUCK BY SUNLIGHT!
GENTLEMEN, THE SCULPTURE SHOW IS SPONSORED BY A CONSERVATIVE PATRON. THIS UNFAVORABLE PUBLICITY WOULD PUT US IN A BAD LIGHT... HE MIGHT WITHDRAW HIS SUPPORT!
DON'T WORRY, I'LL SEE THAT THIS IS KEPT OUT OF THE PAPERS!
LATER, IN THE BATMOBILE...
WELL, NOW YOU CAN WRITE THIS STORY UP FOR THE LAST CHAPTER OF YOUR BOOK!
NO, ROBIN... IT WOULD HURT THE HONEST SCULPTORS AND THE SHOW! THEIR ART MUST BE PROTECTED! BUT.. NOW WE'VE A DATE AT A HOSPITAL!
DON'T THINK THE DAY IS OVER YET... THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING, FOLKS... ONLY THE BEGINNING!
9

AT A HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN WHO ARE VICTIMS OF INFANTILE PARALYSIS, BATMAN AND ROBIN PUT ON A SHOW!
GEE! LOOKA THAT! I WISH I COULD DO THAT!
AFTERWARDS... AUTOGRAPHS FOR ALL!
"TO OUR [illegible] FRIEND, FRANKIE. SINCERELY, Batman and Robin."
GEE WHIZ! GOLLY!
Later... ALMOST NINE O'CLOCK ...AND HOMEWARD BOUND...
GOSH, I'M GLAD WE MADE THOSE KIDS A LITTLE HAPPY! THEY SURE ARE A BRAVE BUNCH, GRINNING IN SPITE OF EVERY THING!
YES, AND IF PEOPLE CONTINUE TO GIVE TO THE MARCH OF DIMES... SOME DAY THOSE KIDS WILL BE ABLE TO WALK LIKE OTHER CHILDREN!
THEN... STRAIGHT AHEAD...
SAY, LOOK AT THAT CROWD! WONDER WHAT'S UP?
WHAT'S UP?... A WOULD-BE SUICIDE ON A HIGH BUILDING LEDGE!
SHE'S GETTING READY TO JUMP!
LOOK, SHE'LL KILL HERSELF!
DON'T DO IT!
A POLICEMAN VAINLY COAXES THE GIRL TO ABANDON HER DEATH PLUNGE...
NOW... WHY DON'T YOU COME INSIDE? YOU'LL CATCH A COLD OUT THERE!
STOP! IF YOU COME OUT, I'LL JUMP! I SWEAR IT! I'LL JUMP!
THE DYNAMIC DUO RACES TO THE ROOF OF AN ADJOINING BUILDING!
WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT GIRL! SEE THAT FLAGPOLE JUTTING OUT THERE?
I GET YOU... BUT THE STUNT IS A LONG SHOT. I'D BETTER TELL THE POLICEMAN TO KEEP TALKING TO OCCUPY HER!

A LASSO LOOPS INTO PLACE... AND THE BATMAN DEFIES DEATH TO SAVE A LIFE!
HERE GOES NOTHING!
...AND AS THE POLICEMAN HOLDS THE GIRL'S ATTENTION...
LOOK...WE'VE GOT A MOVIE STAR IN HERE WHO WANTS TO MEET YOU. HE'S WAITING!
YOU'RE TRYING TO TRICK ME! GET INSIDE OR I'LL JUMP!
...THE BATMAN'S ARM CLOSES LIKE A STEEL CLAMP ON THE GIRL AND SWEEPS HER OFF THE LEDGE!
THE BATMAN MADE IT!
HE'S GOT HER!
EEEIEE! HOLD ME! I'LL FALL! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!
A MINUTE AGO YOU WERE ALL SET TO JUMP, AND NOW... JUST LIKE A WOMAN TO CHANGE HER MIND!
LATER... AFTER THE GIRL RESTS ON SAFE GROUND...
YOU'RE OKAY NOW! I HOPE YOU'RE NOT THINKING OF TRYING THAT JUMP AGAIN!
N-NO!...I THINK I'D RATHER LIVE! I'D LIKE TO GO BACK TO MY ROOM NOW!
WHEN THE GIRL LEAVES...
BANDITS... RAIDED THE BANK DOWN THE STREET A FEW MINUTES AGO! SHOT THE GUARD...HE'S DYING, BUT HE SPOTTED THE LEADER..."HEIST" ANDREWS!
WHAT?
MAYBE THAT GIRL WAS SCARED WHEN YOU SAVED HER... BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T INTEND TO JUMP!
PERHAPS IT WAS AN ACT TO DRAW THE COPS AWAY FROM THE BANK? "HEIST" ANDREWS... HMM?

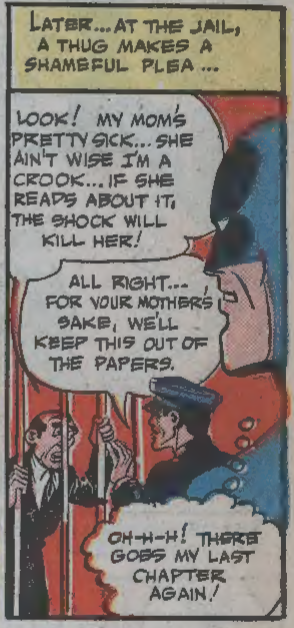
BACK AT HER ROOM, THE GIRL RECEIVES A CALL...
HELLO? OH, IT'S YOU, "HEIST"... HOW DID IT GO?
OKAY! YOU WERE SWELL! WE MADE A BIG HAUL! I'M GONNA CUT YOU IN FER A BIG SHARE!
BUT THE CALLER... IS THE BATMAN, IMITATING THE VOICE OF "HEIST" ANDREWS!
SO SHE WAS IN ON IT!
WE'RE AT THE HIDEOUT! COME NOW IF YOU WANT YOUR SHARE!
BE RIGHT OVER!
SOMETIME LATER, THE GIRL'S CAR SLIDES TO A HALT BEFORE A RAMSHACKLE OLD BUILDING... BUT FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND... THE BATMOBILE!
MARGIE! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?
WHY... YOU JUST CALLED ME... YOU TOLD ME TO COME OUT!
I NEVER PHONED! YOU FOOL... THIS IS A TRAP! HUH?
TOO TRUE, "HEIST".. TOO TRUE!
INTO THE BANDITS LUNGES THE HARD-HITTING TEAM!
PLUG 'EM! FEED 'EM LEAD!
SCREAMING SLUGS RICOCHET OFF ROBIN'S IMPROVISED SHIELD...
PING! PING! PING!
.. AND THE GENT WINS A CIGAR!
SORRY, BUT... THIS 'IS WHERE I DIG IN!
... AND THEN A SHIELD BECOMES A WEAPON!

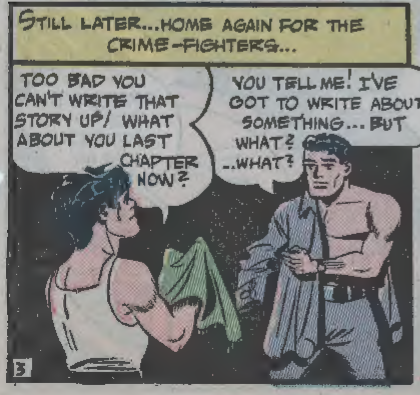
THE HURRICANE ACTION OF THE TYPHOON TEAM PANICS THE HOODLUMS AND...
MAKE WAY FER A GUY WHAT'S IN A HURRY!
ONE SIDE!

BUT THE WORD "ESCAPE" IS KNOCKED RIGHT OUT OF THE THUG'S VOCABULARY!
ASHES TO ASHES...

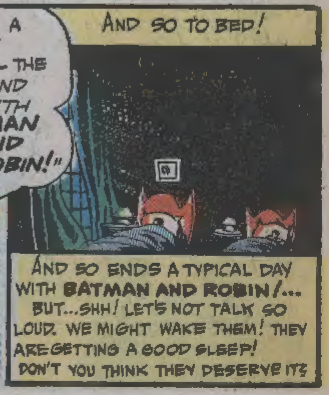
RIGHT BEHIND YOU, PAL!

FROM NOW ON, "HEIST"— YOU'RE GOING TO BE SINGING THE "PRISONER'S SONG". AND IT WON'T BE A SOLO, EITHER!


LATER... AT THE JAIL, A THUG MAKES A SHAMEFUL PLEA ...
LOOK! MY MOM'S PRETTY SICK... SHE AIN'T WISE I'M A CROOK... IF SHE READS ABOUT IT, THE SHOCK WILL KILL HER!
ALL RIGHT... FOR YOUR MOTHER'S SAKE, WE'LL KEEP THIS OUT OF THE PAPERS.
OH-H-H! THERE GOES MY LAST CHAPTER AGAIN!


STILL LATER... HOME AGAIN FOR THE CRIME-FIGHTERS...
TOO BAD YOU CAN'T WRITE THAT STORY UP! WHAT ABOUT YOU LAST CHAPTER NOW?
YOU TELL ME! I'VE GOT TO WRITE ABOUT SOMETHING... BUT WHAT? ..WHAT?

I'VE GOT IT! WHY DON'T YOU STOP BEING SO MODEST AND WRITE ABOUT OUR DAY? OUR MORNING WORKOUT, EXPERIMENTS... EVERYTHING!
DICK... YOU'RE A LIFE-SAVER! I THINK I'LL CALL THE CHAPTER..."AROUND THE CLOCK WITH BATMAN AND ROBIN!"


AND SO TO BED!
AND SO ENDS A TYPICAL DAY WITH BATMAN AND ROBIN!... BUT...SHH! LET'S NOT TALK SO LOUD. WE MIGHT WAKE THEM! THEY ARE GETTING A GOOD SLEEP! DON'T YOU THINK THEY DESERVE IT?

A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO THE BOYS and GIRLS OF AMERICA FROM HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR. -SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.-

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON

Boys and Girls of America:

Here's a way for every one of you to help your country.

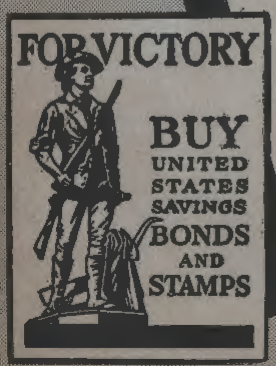
Every time you buy a Savings Stamp you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part of a gun, plane or ship which your fathers, brothers or uncles are using for the defense of our country.

If every one of you forty million boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent Savings Stamp every week, you would be lending your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars every year. Think of all the guns, planes and ships he could buy with that!

Remember, you can help to "Keep 'em Flying" by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

Sincerely,

Henry Morgenthau Jr.



THIS SPACE IS DONATED BY THE PUBLISHERS OF THIS MAGAZINE IN THE INTEREST OF NATIONAL DEFENSE and VICTORY!

PRESENTING the New DAISY DEFENDER

1000-SHOT MILITARY MODEL

Daisy proudly announces the wonderful new DAISY DEFENDER . . . 1000-shot Military Style air rifle every boy wants! And—the safest air rifle in the world. Cock the DEFENDER—that Special Bolt Action automatically locks trigger "On Safety." You must release the Safety Bolt before you can shoot. This new DAISY DEFENDER looks, feels, handles like a real Army rifle. The 36-inch military gun sling is adjustable. Use it to carry gun slung on shoulder or across back, leaving both hands free—also to steady your aim in firing. The Elevation-Windage Adjusters on Rear Sight permit movement of sight to left or right and up or down—to compensate for cross-winds and control the trajectory of your shots. The OVAL stock is strictly Army style as is the full-length wooden fore-end. But—get your own Daisy Defender and see for yourself! Buy it at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store. If your Dealer hasn't it, or no Dealer is near, send us only $5.00—we'll rush your DEFENDER to you post-paid! (Duty added in Canada.)

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